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STATISTICAL VIEW OF THE PRUSSIAN DOMINIONS.

AT a time when the eyes of the civilized world are turned towards the armies of Prussia, the following account of the Prussian dominions, chiefly extracted from Krug's authentic account, will not prove uninteresting.

Prussia possesses a territory of about 25,300 English square miles, 69 to a degree; but the extent of its connected provinces, on which its political strength chiefly depends, is only 23,616 English square miles, viz. *sq. miles*

1. The kingdom of Prussia, together with the new acquisitions in Poland - 14,011
2. Silesia - - - 3,151
3. Brandenburg - - 3,004
4. Pomerania - - - 2,328
5. Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Hildesheim, &c. - - 1,122

The Westphalian provinces, Eastfriesland, and Baireuth, contain the remaining 1,684 miles.

The climate, upon the whole, is salubrious and mild; except in the eastern parts of Prussia, where the

cold in winter is sometimes excessively severe. The soil varies, but is in general fertile, and produces abundance of wheat, rye, barley, and oats; all sorts of pulse and garden fruits, besides timber, hemp, and flax. The cattle are but indifferent; and the horses small, excepting those of East Prussia and Friesland.

Prussia's population may be reckoned at nearly ten millions, of which

1. Prussia itself contains 4,000,000
2. Silesia - - - 2,100,000
3. Brandenburg - - 1,300,000
4. Pomerania - - - 700,000
5. Magdeburg, Halberstadt, &c. - - - 900,000

and the unconnected states about one million: so that each English square mile has upon the average a population of more than 380 persons; whilst, according to Newnham's inquiry, England reckons only 189 on the same space.

Prussia's population is rapidly increasing. The number of births considerably exceeds every year

that of the deaths. In the year 1801, the surplus was 103,000; in 1802, 154,000; and in 1803, 138,000. The least populous provinces are Pomerania, where they reckon 220, and New East Prussia, where there are only 217 persons on the English square mile. The most populous is Baireuth, where there are 920 persons on the English square mile.

With regard to the population of the large towns, the principal are

	<i>Inhab.</i>
1. Berlin, in Brandenburg, with	160,000
2. Warsaw, in the newly acquired part of Poland	65,000
3. Breslau, Silesia	62,000
4. Königsberg, in Prussia	57,000
5. Dantzic, in Prussia	48,000
6. Magdeburg, in the duchy of the same name	33,000
7. Stettin, in Pomerania	18,600

Though agriculture be the principal employment of the nation, it is only of late that it has experienced extensive improvements: but, compared with English farming, it is yet in its infancy.

The principal manufactories are those of glass, looking-glasses, earthen-ware, china, tobacco and snuff, starch, Prussian blue, paper, linen, woollen cloth, cotton and silk stuffs, &c.; chiefly at Berlin, Breslau, Königsberg, Potsdam, Halle, Magdeburg.

Trade is little understood. It is cramped by many prohibitions, restrictions, and monopolies of the crown, under the mistaken idea that the obstructions which foreign commerce encounters contribute to render the inland trade more flourishing. Some manufactures are absolutely forced and supported by bounties. The situation of the Prussian dominions is, however, extremely favourable for commerce, as they communicate both with the Baltic and the North Sea. The principal sea-ports are Dantzic, Königsberg, Elbing, Memel, Stettin, Colberg, and Emden.

Prussia exports annually *L. sterl.*
 Timber, to the amount of 200,000
 Wheat, rye, and oats - 1,700,000
 Linens - - - 1,200,000
 Woollen cloth - - 700,000
 besides other articles of less importance.

Its principal importation consists of *L. sterl.*
 Raw sugars, to the amount of - - - 600,000
 Coffee - - - 500,000
 Wine - - - 350,000
 Raw cotton and silk - 700,000

But it is impossible to ascertain the balance of its trade, as one province exports articles which the other imports; and little reliance is to be placed on the custom-house lists, which often include articles previously imported.

Were it not for the many injudicious excise regulations, which throw numerous obstacles in its way, the transit trade might be very considerable. There is a good inland navigation on the Memel, Pregel, Vistula, Oder, Spree, Havel, Elbe, Weser, and Ems; besides the great and little Frederick's canal, in East Prussia, the former fourteen, the latter nearly five English miles in length; the Iohanisburg canal, fifty-five miles long; the Bromberg canal; the Frederick William's canal, fourteen miles long; the Finow canal, of twenty-three miles; the Klodnitz canal, in Silesia, twenty-three miles long; the new Oder canal, and the canal of Plauen. But the roads are rather bad: it is only within the last twenty years that they have attracted the attention of government. A few good turnpike roads lead from Berlin to Potsdam, to Frankfort, and in part to Hamburg.

Prussia's productive capital may be estimated,

	<i>L. sterling</i>
1. In arable land, at about - - -	211,000,000
2. Meadows and grass land - - -	32,000,000
3. Forests - - -	27,000,000

4. Gardens, orchards, vineyards - - -	15,200,000
5. Mines - - -	1,200,000
6. Fisheries - - -	6,100,000
7. Game - - -	2,500,000

345,000,000

Its unproductive capital

1. In gold and silver plate, at - - -	5,000,000
2. Cattle - - -	30,000,000
3. Buildings - - -	120,000,000
4. Household furni- ture - - -	60,000,000

Total, 215,000,000

The circulating me- dium, or current coin, at - - -	10,000,000
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The annual income de- rived from the produc- tive capital may be taken at - - -	42,000,000
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To which must be added, the produce of the na- tional industry, or manu- factured goods exported	2,000,000
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Total, 44,000,000

But, as the annual charges on re-
production, and the wages of labour
and industry, which must be de-
ducted from this sum, amount to
29,800,000*l.* sterling, there remains a
neat annual produce of 14,200,000*l.*
sterling. The annual income of
every individual is only 4*l.* 11*s.*
sterling; the smallness of which
sum sufficiently accounts for the fru-
gality of the nation in general.
There are, however, numbers of
wealthy families, and very large
capitals employed in trade, parti-
cularly at Dantzic, Breslau, and
Berlin.

Arts and sciences flourish to a
great degree; the schools and uni-
versities are excellent; and there
reigns in Prussia a perfect tolera-
tion of all creeds and religious opi-
nions. The morals of the people
are less corrupted than in other
countries; frugality and patriotism

are the prevailing virtues: the lat-
ter in some places degenerates even
into national pride. The laws are
mild. In the whole extent of the
Prussian dominions, the number of
those who suffer capital punishment
never exceeds fourteen in the course
of a year. Every criminal is tried
without the least expence to the
prosecutor.

With respect to the constitution
of the state, Prussia is a monarchy
in the strictest sense of the word,
as it is not tempered by any funda-
mental laws. Did the king of
Prussia not prefer the influence of
a father to the dominion of a tyrant,
he might bear absolute sway. He
has the uncontroled right of enact-
ing and repealing laws, and of im-
posing taxes, without the consent
of the subject; but the present king
has never yet abused his authority,
and by substituting to the needless
luxury and pernicious magnificence
of his father, an economy equally
removed from sordidness and pro-
fusion, he has re-established the
equilibrium between the income and
expenditure of the state. The
annual revenue of the crown is
about six millions sterling.

The civil administration is con-
fided to fifteen ministers, who form
the privy council; but act each in-
dependently in their respective de-
partments, and are accountable to
the king only. Any, even the
meanest, subject who supposes him-
self aggrieved or oppressed, may
apply directly to the king in writ-
ing, and is sure of an immediate
investigation of his complaint.

The army costs 2,350,000*l.* ster-
ling annually. It consists of 58 re-
giments of infantry of two battalions
each; 30 grenadier battalions;
57 deposit, or third battalions; 24
battalions of fusiliers, or light in-
fantry; 3 battalions of chasseurs,
besides the foot guards; 13 regi-
ments of cuirassiers, each of ten
squadrons; 2 regiments of heavy
dragoons, of ten squadrons each,
and 12 regiments of five squadrons;
10 regiments of hussars, or light
dragoons, of ten squadrons each,

besides the horse guards, a detached battalion of hussars, a corps of Towarczysz and *chasseurs à cheval*; 4 regiments and 1 battalion of artillery, 15 companies of garrison artillery, and 7 companies of *artillerie à cheval*; besides 4 companies of miners, pontoniers, and a corps of engineers: the whole amounting to 250,000 men; commanded by three field-m Marshals, 7 generals of infantry, 7 of cavalry, 30 lieutenant-generals of infantry, 16 of cavalry, and 45 major-generals of infantry, and 21 of cavalry. There is no difference between the peace and war establishment, except that in times of peace each regiment has its full complement of men during six or seven weeks only previous to the annual reviews, which take place at stated times. When these general reviews are over, the native Prussians are dismissed to their respective homes on furloughs, till the prospect of war demands their recal to the regiment, or till the next review. Every male subject in Prussia, who is of the requisite size, and does not belong to any of the privileged classes, is obliged to serve in the regiment of which his native place is the canton, or recruiting district. The whole country is liable to this military conscription, except the towns of Berlin, Breslau, Potsdam, Magdeburg, Dantzic, and the nobility, clergy, public functionaries, Jews, Mennonites, and some manufacturers. The number of privileged persons, together with their families, amounts to about two millions and a half. Some of the unconnected provinces, as East Friesland, pay for their exemption from the military conscription. There are about 854,932 families for the recruiting of the infantry; 135,565 for the heavy dragoons, 84,996 for the cuirassiers, and 53,775 for the artillery. But that portion of men who continue in actual service all the year long, is procured from recruits raised in other parts of Germany not belonging to Prussia, or from volunteers out of the privi-

leged towns. The service of these men is limited to eight years, and they receive a handsome bounty, proportioned to their age and size. The hussars, or light dragoons, have no cantons; but, owing to the martial spirit of the nation, and to the prospect of advancement, they have always more than their complement. The fusiliers are likewise without cantons; they get those men who are not sufficiently tall for the infantry and grenadiers. As the Prussian nobility is not overfavoured with rich estates, noblemen only are employed as officers in the infantry and heavy cavalry; but in the artillery and hussar regiments, plebians of good education, or who have distinguished themselves by their good behaviour, are also advanced to officers' places. In general, the young noblemen in Prussia enter the army at 12 or 13 years of age. They are standard or colour bearers, with the rank of free corporal only, for the space of three or four years, when they are made ensigns or cornets in rotation. There is an exception, however, in favour of those who are educated at the *Ecole Militaire*; they are always placed as officers immediately on leaving the academy.

The pay of the men in the infantry is about 7s. per month, and two pounds of bread per day; in the cavalry about 10s. per month, and bread. The subaltern officers in the infantry have about 1s. 6d. per day; but in time of war they generally dine at the table of the captain, or chief of the company in which they serve. As the annual income derived from a company consists in part of the pay of those men who are permitted to return to their homes after the reviews, it is very considerable in time of peace, not less than 3 or 400*l.* sterling per annum; but during war a captain's pay hardly amounts to 100*l.* Promotion in the Prussian army is as gradual and regular as in the English navy. Merit is seldom rewarded by any extraordinary advancement, except in very

particular cases. The most common recompense is knighthood. There are at present no less than 450 officers in the Prussian army, who are knights of the military order *pour le mérite*: the insignia of which are a small enamelled star, suspended at a narrow white-edged black ribband worn about the neck. General officers are rewarded with the orders of the red and black eagle, the latter of which confers as distinguishing an honour as the order of the garter in England. Frederick the great erected statues to the most eminent warriors of his time in a public square at Berlin.

The financial administration of Prussia is extremely simple. Every subject knows exactly how much, at what time, and where he has to pay his contribution. There are never any extraordinary taxes levied; the surplus of the annual revenue is amply sufficient to provide for uncommon exigencies, and to carry on a war of a few years. The only difference between the war and peace establishment is the greater consumption of men, the uninterrupted personal service of the conscripts, and the citizens performing military duty in the inland towns.

The police in general is good; the provisions for the poor are excellent; but the administration of justice, though much improved, is yet slow, and the benefits of a trial by jury are still unknown. Court martials, however, are conducted upon the same plan as in England, with this exception, that there is a judge advocate attached to each regiment, who is called *auditeur*.

The foreign affairs are managed by two of the ministers of state, and a certain number of counselors of legation.

For the Literary Magazine.

LOUIS XVI.

THE celebrated Bailly, an ardent republican, gives the following testimony to the merits of Louis XVI.

No tendency to despotism ever entered into the character of the king: he never desired any thing but the happiness of his people; and it was by this feeling alone that he was ever misled. If he has ever been prevailed on to make a rash exercise of his authority, it has only been by persuading him that he was conferring a benefit, or avoiding a disaster, and by showing him, in perspective, the prosperity and satisfaction of the whole nation. I am perfectly convinced that he never valued his authority, or made any exertion to retain it, except as the basis and the pledge of general tranquillity and order. In considering the causes of reform, we ought then to say, that the first and the chief was the character of Louis XVI. With a sovereign of less benevolence, or a minister of less capacity, there would have been no chance of a revolution.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF GIBBON.

SOON after Mr. Gibbon became an inhabitant of Lausanne, a lady of beauty and talents made such an impression on the heart of the historian, that he could not resist the impulse of love; and, falling on his knees, he declared his passion. The object of his affection heard unmoved his petition, and, in spite of the eloquence of her lover, was deaf to his entreaties. The disappointed *Damon* attempted to rise: he tried in vain; his weighty person, unaccustomed to such a position, was not so easily restored to its proper balance. The lady, fearing that some person might discover her admirer in this awkward situation, forgot her anger, and endeavoured with all her might to raise him from the ground: her strength was unequal to the task; and, after several ineffectual struggles, both in the author and in the lady, the latter was obliged to ring the bell, and to order

her astonished servant to raise the prostrate scholar. The story, as might be expected, became public the following morning, and entertained for some days the gossiping circles of this little town.

But, notwithstanding the general esteem which Mr. Gibbon entertained for the fair sex, and notwithstanding this striking proof of daring gallantry, I have been assured by a person who enjoyed the confidence of that distinguished man, that the historian of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, though he has frequently described in glowing colours, and perhaps in some pages with lascivious freedom, the passion of love, was a stranger to its pleasures, and that he passed his life in a state of singular and rigid chastity.

Another story, though of a different kind, is equally characteristic. Mr. Gibbon, finding himself indisposed, sent for a physician. The doctor, judging from the appearance of his patient, that his illness, which was but slight, simply arose from repletion, recommended abstinence. Three days afterwards he received a letter from the historian, couched in pressing terms, but still in well rounded sentences, requiring his immediate presence at his house. On his arrival there, he found Mr. Gibbon dreadfully altered: his cheeks, usually plump, had now fallen, his complexion was sallow, and his person emaciated. The physician anxiously inquired the cause of this sudden and unexpected change. "Sir," said his learned patient, "to follow with religious exactitude the ordinances of him whom I consult as my medical adviser, is a principle from which I have never yet ventured to depart; but at this instant I am the victim of obedience, and of a doctrine which I still believe to be generally salutary. You will recollect, sir, that when last I had the honour of seeing you, you admonished me to abstain from animal food. Three days have elapsed since I received your injunctions, and during that period the only food which has

passed these lips has been a beverage of water-gruel: I have consequently become languid; and am now desirous of a more nutritious aliment; but, presuming not to interfere in a science which I do not understand, and having placed the direction of my health under the guidance of your professional skill, I have awaited, I will not say without impatience, the repetition of your visit: I now attend your orders." The physician, who had not called during this interval simply because he conceived Mr. Gibbon had no occasion for further advice, now rang the bell, and, instead of writing a prescription, ordered dinner to be instantly served. A good *bouillon*, and a bottle of burgundy, soon restored the historian to health and spirits.

The same physician advised Mr. Gibbon to take occasionally a dose of medicine. The obedient scholar, adopting with literal precision the system recommended, wrote immediately a Latin letter to his apothecary, directing that on the first of every month such a draught should be sent him as Dr. — should direct; and, accordingly, at each stated period during the rest of his life, whether he were well or ill, he received and swallowed the accustomed dose.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE CLIMATE AND
SOIL OF BENGAL.

THE seasons of Bengal conform with the changes of the prevailing winds. They are commonly distinguished by the terms of cold, hot, and rainy; but the natives, on the result of closer observation, subdivide them, and reckon six seasons, each containing two months.

The spring and the dry season occupy four months, during which the heat progressively increases until it becomes almost intolerable, even to the natives themselves. In the

middle parts of Bengal, however, the extreme sultriness of the weather is moderated by occasional thunder-storms, accompanied by rain or hail, and driven by sudden gusts of north-west wind. In the eastern districts, milder showers of rain are still more frequent, and refresh the heated atmosphere. But, in Bihar, and in districts contiguous to it, a parching wind from the westward prevails during a large portion of the hot season. It blows with great strength during the day, but is commonly succeeded at night by a cool breeze in the contrary direction; and it sometimes ceases for days or weeks, giving way to easterly gales. Beyond the limits of Bihar, the parching winds are still more prevalent; refreshing breezes, or cooling showers of rain and hail, more rare.

At length the scorched inhabitants are relieved by the rainy season; which, in general, commences nearly at the same time throughout the whole province. During the two first months, according to the usual course of seasons, the rain is heavy and continual; in this period an intermission of many successive days is rare, and the rain pours with such force and continuance, that three, four, and even five, inches of water have fallen in a single day. In the two subsequent months, the intermissions are more frequent and of longer duration; and the heat and closeness of the weather has entitled this season to the name of sultry. The rivers, and the Ganges especially, which had begun to rise even before the commencement of the rainy season, continue to increase during the two first months of it, and the Ganges reaches its greatest height in the third. By this time all the rivers of Bengal are swoln, and the Delta of the Ganges is overflowed; other portions of Bengal are indeed exempted from annual inundation; but they sometimes experience it as a calamity, in years when a sudden and uncommon fall of rain swells the rivers beyond the level which they usually

attain. This temporary variation in the quantity of water does not much affect the general average of the year: for, the annual fall of rain, in the lower parts of Bengal, is seldom short of seventy inches, and as seldom exceeds eighty.

At the approach of winter, the rivers begin to decrease, showers cease to fall, and the inundation gradually drains off or evaporates. Fogs, the natural consequences of such evaporation in cold weather, are frequent in most parts of Bengal proper. Dew, at this season, is every where abundant and penetrating; and, in the higher latitudes of India, as well as in the mountainous tracts of it, frost and extreme cold are experienced. Even in the flat country, ice is obtained by the simple artifice of assisting evaporation in porous vessels, although the atmosphere be much warmer than the freezing temperature; and a blighting frost is sometimes deplored in Bihar and Benares. The natives do therefore not improperly distinguish the winter into two seasons, the frosty and the dewy. It must, however, be remarked, that dews are copious in Bengal throughout the whole winter, and greatly assist vegetation, affording nearly as much moisture as corn requires in a soil so loose, though retentive, as that which is most prevalent throughout the province.

The general soil of Bengal is clay, with a considerable proportion of siliceous sand, fertilized by various salts, and by decayed substances, animal and vegetable. In the flat country, sand is every where the basis of this stratum of productive earth; it indicates an accession of soil on land which has been gained by the dereliction of water. The progress of this operation of nature presents itself to the view in the deviations of the great rivers of Bengal, where changes are often sudden, and their dates remembered. A period of thirty years scarcely covers the barren sand with soil sufficient to fit it for rewarding the labours of the husbandman; the lapse of a centu-

ry does not remove it half a span from the surface. In tracts, which are annually inundated, the progress is more rapid; and that for obvious reasons, which equally explain why such tracts exhibit a greater depth of productive soil and a larger proportion of clay than other regions. A compound of calcareous and siliceous earth assumes, in many places, a firm texture, and forms a stone named kunkur. In some parts, iron ore enters into the composition, and gives it a still firmer texture. A similar accretion of sand and clay bears the same appellation. Siliceous stones of various kinds, which have fallen from the hills, chequer the contiguous plains, and form one more exception to general uniformity. If the variable proportions of clay and sand, and the circumstances of frequent alterations in the channels of rivers, be considered, great inequality of soil may be expected, though it be composed of few substances.

In his progress through Bengal, the traveller will not confine himself to remark the natural diversity in the aspect of the country, but will compare the neat habitations of the peasants, who reside in hilly regions, with the wretched huts of those who inhabit the plain; and the contrast may suggest a reflection, how little the richest productions and most thriving manufactures contribute to the general comfort of the people at large.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE OLIO.

NO. II.

Death.

TRUST me Maria! that elegance of person, beautiful regularity of features, that majestic air which strikes every beholder with love and admiration, will avail thee nothing against the cold ravages of

death. The gay, the wise, the humble and exalted, the beautiful and deformed, must all moulder and fall to their original clay. Thou hast seen the sun rise in all its splendour: nature freshens at its approach; the morning of its reign is all smiling beauty and perfection; it gains strength as it acquires its meridian height; it faints as it sinks beneath the western hemisphere; the distant prospect fades on the view; and the day closes in shades of Cimmerian darkness. Such is the emblem of life. Man comes into existence as the dawn bursts from the chamber of darkness, his youth is beautiful as the morning sun, his puberty is as the noon, endued with strength and vigour, animated with hope, and pleased with enjoyment; but soon the evening approaches, ere reason arrives to its meridian it comes, and all the transitory scenes of life are shortly closed in the allotments of eternity! Yet a little while, and every breast, now warm with hope and busy with design, will have the lineaments of death written on them; the eye that is tracing these lines will be closed in darkness, and the hand that writes, sooner or later, be crumbled into dust.

Friendship.

Without virtue, friendship is only a mercenary league, an alliance of interest, which must dissolve of course, when that interest subsists no longer. Good sense, a just taste, a thorough candour and benignity of heart, with a generous sympathy of sentiments and affections, are the necessary ingredients of this virtuous and truly noble connection. Grafted on esteem, strengthened by habit, and mellowed by time, it yields an infinite pleasure, ever new, and ever growing; it is a support amid the trying vicissitudes of life, it is a prop that supports the weary, it is a balm to his mind, and a guide to his steps; it exalts our admiration and attachment to virtue, and,

unless impeded in its course, extends itself into a friendship to the whole of the human race.

—
Scraps.

It is a great inducement to the exercise of benevolence to observe the characters and circumstances of mankind on the fairest side, to put the best constructions on their actions, and consider their errors as the result of partial and mistaken, rather than of evil affections.

True politeness is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things.

When reproached, suppress the mutinies of your spirit. If what is said be true, correct yourself; if false, let not the anguish you express give it the credentials of truth.

Begin and end the day with prayer. Origen observed, that the day wherein he so shamefully fell in sacrificing to idols, he ventured out in the morning before he had completed his usual prayers.

The charities of the truly benevolent heart are like the fostering dews of heaven, distributed in secrecy and silence to those whom they cherish.

—
Power of Religion.

My health, said the good and elegant Mr. Hervey, is continually on the decline, and the springs of life are all relaxing. My age is removed, and departed from me as a shepherd's tent. Medicine is baffled; and my physician, Dr. Stonehouse, who is a dear friend to his patient, and a lover of the Lord Jesus, pities, but cannot relieve me.

Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand, as it were, on the brink of eternity, perhaps my dear friend would be willing to know my sentiments in this awful situation, at such a juncture: the mind is most unprejudiced, and the

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judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects.

I have been too fond of reading every thing valuable and elegant, that has been penned in our language, and been particularly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity; but were I to renew my studies, I would take leave of those accomplished triflers; I would resign the delights of modern wits, amusements, and eloquence, and devote my attention to the scriptures of truth. I would sit with much greater assiduity at my divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

—
The Rose, addressed to Sarah Eliza.

You ask me where I found this rose,
So beauteous to the view:
Where genuine merit often grows,
This modest flow'ret grew.

Screen'd by the parent bush it bloom'd,
Hid from the sunny ray,
While crowds above the air perfum'd,
And wanton'd to the day.

A lesson let it be improv'd,
And on your memory lie,
The girl who seeks to be belov'd
Must shun the public eye.

—
The Prodigal, a fragment.

So I arose early in the morning, went and received the bounty money, returned to the cottage, and, without the knowledge of my companion, put the whole of it into his pocket. It is a pity, said I to myself, as I did it, it is a pity so benevolent a heart as his should ever experience a pang caused by unkindness; it is a pity so reverend a head should be uncovered while imploring charity from hard-hearted affluence. This will prevent his being exposed during the rigour of the wintry months. We parted, and the sympathetic tear started in both our eyes. Would that I had my

patrimony again, said I; for thy sake I would husband it more carefully; had I a roof to shelter thee, the bleak winds of winter should never more whistle through thy silver locks; the armed chair should be appropriated to thy use, and myself be thy attendant.

For the Literary Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS AND ANECDOTES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PRESENT
POLICE, COMMERCE, STATE OF
SOCIETY AND MANNERS, AT CON-
STANTINOPLE.

Continued from page 143.

THE Rammezan, or Turkish Lent, lasts for one complete moon, and takes every month in the year, in rotation. No institution can be more strictly or more generally observed; it enjoins perfect abstinence from sun-rise to sun-set, from every kind of aliment, even from water. Mohammed did not foresee that coffee and tobacco would become the chief luxury of his followers, and various were the opinions respecting the legality of taking them in Rammezan; which were finally determined in the negative. These are indeed days of penance to the labourer and mechanic, but to the opulent only a pleasing variety, for they sleep all day, and in the evening feast and make merry; as if they exulted in cheating the prophet. The only show of mortification is a prohibition from entering the harem during the twelve hours of fasting. Every night of this season is some appointed feast among the officers of the court.

Nor are the inferior orders deprived of their share of relaxation; for the shops of cooks and confectioners, and the coffee-houses, are unusually decorated and frequented. There are exhibitions of low humour, and the kara-guze, or puppet show, represented by Chinese shades.

For the graver sort, most coffee-houses retain a raccontatore, or professed story teller, who entertains a very attentive audience for many hours. They relate eastern tales, or sarcastic anecdotes of the times, and are sometimes engaged by government to treat on politics, and to reconcile the people to any recent measure of the sultan or visier. Their manner is very animated, and their recitation accompanied with much gesticulation. They have the finesse, when they perceive the audience numerous, and deeply engaged, to defer the sequel of their story. The nightly illuminations of every minareh in the city, especially those in the imperial mosques, produce a very singular and splendid effect. Within each of these, the vast concaves of the domes are lighted up by some hundred lamps of coloured glass; and externally cords are thrown across from one minareh to another, and the lamps fantastically disposed in letters and figures. I was not more agreeably surprised by any thing I saw in Constantinople, than the whole appearance of the first night in Rammezan.

As an indulgence from the severities of Lent, the Turks have their Beyram, and the christians their Easter. At this season, those of every nation appear in new clothes, and exhibit all possible gaiety. Places of public resort are then particularly frequented, and the pastimes and groups, excepting in their dress, exactly resemble an English wake. The Turks are much delighted by a circular swing, made by fixing a wheel on a high post, from which hang many poles, with seats attached to them. I have seen several of these bearded children taking this amusement with great glee, and, contrasted with the gravity of their habits, nothing could be more ridiculous. The Greeks have a universal license, dance through the streets to very rude music, and are in the zenith of their vivacity; but the festivity of the Armenians, a saturnine race, seems to consist chiefly in being intoxicat-

ed, and jumping with the preposterous activity of an elephant. In the Campo de' Morti, near Pera, so called from being the cemetery of the Franks and Armenians, many of these droll scenes may be then contemplated by an investigator of the precise traits of character which discriminate the mass of all nations.

The Turks have sumptuary laws, and habits peculiar to professions. By the turban differing in size and shape, every man is known; and so numerous are those distinctions, that a dragoman, long conversant with Constantinople, told me he knew not half of them. The Emirs, real or pretended descendants from the prophet, are distinguished by the green muslin, the others wear white round a cap of cloth, and the head is universally very closely shaven. In the turbans of the oulema there is a greater profusion of muslin, from ten to twenty yards, which are proportionably larger, as the wigs of professional men were formerly. The military, as the janissaries, bostandjis, and topjis, wear caps of the most uncouth shape and fashion, such as defy description. The rayahs are known by a head-dress called a kalpac, made of lamb-skin, and inimitably ugly, differing entirely from a turban; and sometimes a samour, or black fur cap, which is principally worn by dragomen and physicians. In other respects, they are dressed as the Turks. Yellow slippers, or boots, are indulged only to those under ambassadorial protection, and are an envied distinction. When the present sultan came to the throne, he issued an edict that no unlicensed rayah should appear publicly in yellow slippers. At that time he took great pleasure in walking the streets in disguise; when meeting an ill-starred Jew, dressed contrary to law, he ordered his head to be instantly struck off. This was his first act of severity, which created most unfavourable conjectures, not altogether confirmed by his subsequent reign.

The Turks of better rank, and the regular citizens, wear what is called the long dress, with outer robes of fine cloth, shalloon, or pellices, which are in general use for the greater part of the year, and commonly of the most costly furs. They are seldom seen without a tespi in their hands: it is a string of ninety beads corresponding with the names of the Deity, which they carry as much for amusement as devotion. Hamid Ali, a late visier, wore one of pearl, so perfect as to be valued at 3000*l.* sterling.

The common people, especially those belonging to any military corps, have a jacket richly ornamented with gold or silk twist, trowsers of cloth, which close to the middle of the leg, the other part of which is bare, and red slippers. Their great pride is to stick into their girdles a pair of large horse pistols, a yataghan or long knife, a hanjia or dagger, all profusely inlaid with silver in a grotesque taste, which, with pouches for ammunition and tobacco, are extremely incommodious, and several pounds weight. With these weapons they frequently do mischief, often from childishness, sometimes from intention. Such are seen in every town in the empire, excepting the capital, who glory in their privilege, as no rayah is permitted to carry arms.

By the laws of Islamism, the Turks are forbidden vessels and utensils of gold or silver, and are directed to great simplicity in every habit of life. This injunction does not extend to women, whose pride consists in the number and costliness of their trinkets. The chief luxury of the men is displayed in the number of their attendants, and their horses with superb caparisons, often of embroidered velvet, and plates of silver embossed and gilt. No rich man appears in public, but on horseback with a train of footmen, in any part of Constantinople, the number of whom is unnecessarily

great, and much of his income is expended in their daily maintenance, and new clothes at the feast of Bayrâm. Their wages are inconsiderable. No domestic performs more than one office; this serves the coffee, and that hands the napkin, but no emergency can command any other service.

The horses of the Arab, or Tourcoman breed, are eminently beautiful, and are taught to prance under the perfect manège of the rider, however infirm. Great expence is likewise lavished on the boats, which are elegant in a high degree, carved, gilded, and lined with rich cushions. They cost from a hundred to a thousand piastres each. The rank of the owner is ascertained by the number of oars, and in dexterity or civility no watermen exceed the Turks.

Coaches are not in use, unless the clumsy, non-descript vehicles, which convey the ladies of great harems, can be so called. In his pipe an opulent man is extremely sumptuous; the head must be of pale amber, the stick of jasmine wood, with the bark preserved, and the bowl of a delicate red clay, manufactured at Burgàs, in Romelia, and highly ornamented. According to the dignity of the smoker is the length of his pipe, often six or seven feet, when it is carried by two of his servants from place to place with much ceremony; and the bowl is supported by wheels, as an aid to supreme indolence. In the summer, for greater coolness, the stem of the pipe is covered with cotton or muslin, and moistened with water. This sovereign recreation is not confined to the men; the ladies, especially those advanced in life, partake of it largely, and, as a delicacy, they mix the tobacco with frankincense, musk, or aloes wood. The sultan alone abstains from etiquette; as kalife, or representative of the prophet, he declines deciding, by his own practice, upon the propriety of any custom, about

which the law is not specific and declaratory.

Notwithstanding their grave exterior, which might prepossess foreigners with an idea of concealing as much stupidity as sense, and apparently so ungenial with mirth or vivacity, the Turks, in superior life, of both sexes, indulge a vein of sarcastic humour, and are not behind more polished nations in the delicacy or severity of their repartees. Most gentlemen of the seraglio, or capital, have been educated in their seminaries of learning, and are conversant with oriental literature. Many of them quote the Persian poets as happily, and refer to the Arabic philosophers with as complete erudition, as we can do to the Greek or Roman. The "*Leilat u alf leilah*," or Arabian Nights, first introduced into Europe by monsieur Petit de la Croix, are familiarly known by them, as well as the fables and allegories of Pilpay and Lokman, from which sources they store their minds as well with sentiment as expression. To excel in colloquial facility and elegance, is the first ambition of every cheliby, or man of breeding.

I repeat a specimen of Turkish wit, related to me as having been occasioned by a recent circumstance.

A man of rank, remarkably displeasing in his countenance and figure, was married, according to custom, without having first seen her unveiled, to a lady whose pretensions to personal attraction did not exceed his own. On the morning after their marriage, she demanded of him, to whom of his friends she might show her face with freedom. "Show it," said he, "to all the world, but hide it from me." "Patience," rejoined the lady. "I have none," returned the bridegroom. "Ah!" said she, "I think you must have had a good share; for you have carried that abominable great nose about with you all your life-time."

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF DR. ZIMMERMAN.

(From the French of M. Tissot.)

JOHN George Zimmerman was born at Brug, a town in the German part of the canton of Berne, on the 8th of December, 1728. He was the son of the senator J. Zimmerman, of one of those families, as there are many even in the smallest towns of Switzerland, and without doubt in other parts of Europe, which, without any of those titles of rank that are obtained in monarchies, sometimes by money, but often through favour or influence, have distinguished themselves for ages by the integrity with which they have filled the highest employments in their country for the advantage of their fellow-citizens. The mother of M. Zimmerman was a miss Pache, of Morges, a town in the French part of the same canton, and daughter to a celebrated counsellor, who had formerly belonged to the parliament of Paris. This circumstance is mentioned, because it serves to explain why, though born in a province where German only is spoken, and though he followed his studies in German cities, and passed a very short time in France, he yet spoke and wrote the two languages with equal facility.

He was brought up in his father's house under able masters, till the age of fourteen, when he was sent to Berne, where he studied the belles lettres under M. Kirchberger, professor of eloquence and history, and M. Altman, professor of Greek; to both of whom he always acknowledged great obligations. At the end of three years, he passed into the school of philosophy, the professor of which, a zealous disciple of Mr. Wolf, knew of philosophy only the metaphysics of his master, and employed the whole year in explaining a very small part even of them. It may easily be imagined how much such a method would tend to disgust an active

mind with a science, which, well taught, is of infinite use to every person who wishes to study well; and which has even its allurements, inasmuch as we feel our minds enlarged in proportion as we learn to generalize the ideas we have already acquired, and add to them others, upon subjects, the very aspect of which had at first sight terrified us.

Zimmerman, therefore, never thought himself indebted to M. Brunner for what he learned of true philosophy at Berne (and he certainly did learn a great deal there), but to Messrs. James Tribolet and J. Stapfer, both of them ministers, and distinguished by their genius and their learning.

It was during his residence at Berne, that, in 1746, a short time after my departure for Montpellier, he came to Morges to pass several months with his mother's relations; at my return, four years afterwards, his genius, his good sense, his amiable and cheerful disposition, were still spoken of with pleasure; and when, in 1751, I read his fine Dissertation on Irritability, I already knew and loved the author; a partiality which contributes more than may be generally imagined to make one approve a man's doctrine, even when it is not invincibly demonstrated, as it certainly is in the work of M. Zimmerman.

His father died a short time after he had been placed at Berne; and just before the year 1747, in which he was to have finished his studies in philosophy, he had the misfortune to lose his excellent mother. Thus was he left without a friend to consult upon the choice of a profession; a circumstance at all times to be lamented; but which has, in some cases, the advantage of allowing the inclination to follow its own bent, and thereby perhaps of insuring success. Without hesitation, he determined in favour of physic; and the name of Haller, in which Berne gloried, did not permit him to think of studying any where but

at Goettingen. He arrived there on the 12th of September, 1747, and took his degree on the 14th of August, 1751. By Haller he was received as if he had been his own son; he took him into his house, he assisted him with his advice, directed his studies, and was to him a father, preceptor, and friend. Under MM. Haller, Richter, Segner, and Brendel, he cultivated with the same attention every branch of the medical art. He followed the practical lessons of Richter, a pupil of Boerhaave's, and bred up in his system, the principles of which will always be safe guides at the bedside of the sick, notwithstanding the contempt which many physicians, desirous of becoming chiefs of sects, have affected to throw on them, in hopes to raise the reputation of their own by discrediting those of that great man.

M. Zimmerman also attended the lectures of M. Brendel on the same subject. This gentleman joined to an excellent understanding a profound knowledge of physic, and visited a great many patients: he frequently conceived new and happy ideas; and his lessons became, on that account, useful and interesting, although a fondness for system has now and then led him astray.

Zimmerman did not, however, confine himself to the study of physic; under M. Segner he studied mathematics and natural philosophy; he also learned the English language and studied English literature, which he loved and cultivated all his life. Pope and Thomson were as familiar to him as Homer and Virgil, and the best French poets. He acquired under M. Achenval the knowledge of the states of Europe. It is doubtful whether the lessons he received from this master were lessons of politics properly so called, or of that science which now makes so much noise under the name of statistics; but from several passages in his letters I am inclined to think they comprized the principles of both.

The four years which he passed at Goettingen were, as may be seen, well employed. He gave himself up to study with the greatest ardour; and was supported by that inward feeling which already told him what he should one day become. In taking possession for him of an estate left him in this country by an aunt, I found in one of his letters, dated from Goettingen, in 1748, the following passage: "I lead here the life of a man who wishes to live after his death." This life, however, is not that which brings good health; and his began already to decay. He had at that time a slight attack of the hypochondria.

Part of the last year that he spent at Goettingen was employed upon a work which afterward became the basis of his reputation. The continual action of the heart, which, from the first moment of animation, until death, never ceases alternately to contract and dilate itself, with a regularity which is only deranged by certain passions and certain disorders, has been regarded by observers, as one of the most curious phenomena of nature. Every physician who had studied the animal economy had endeavoured to explain it; a multitude of causes had been imagined, none of which were satisfactory, because neither was the true one; and the glory of the discovery was reserved for M. Haller.

Clisson, a celebrated English anatomist, had remarked, in some parts of the human body, a singular property of contraction upon being touched, although there should be no feeling in the part, and he called that property irritability. M. Haller imagined, that if the fibres of the heart had the same property, as several operations appeared to indicate, it was without doubt the cause of its movements; and he assumed this postulat in his "Outlines of Physiology," which appeared in 1747. Still, however, it was only a conjecture, which it was necessary to demonstrate or overturn;

and M. Zimmerman undertook to make the requisite experiments. The general plan was, no doubt, given him by Haller; it was necessary that he should tell him what he wished to have discovered, and point out the means which he intended should be employed: several experiments he suggested, and saw them performed; but it is not less true, that the greatest part of the work, its reduction to a plan, the perspicuity of arrangement, and many of the conclusions are by Zimmerman, who registered down his experiments, his researches, and his reflections, in a thesis which is the fundamental work upon this subject, and to which are fairly attributable all the changes that have since been made in the theory of physic. From the moment when that book was published, the name of Zimmerman resounded through all Europe.

Upon quitting Goettingen, where he had for fellow-students the most distinguished characters (Messrs. Ash, Aurivilius, de Brun, Castel, Meckel, Schobinger, Fredelenbourg, and Zinn), he went to pass some months in Holland, where he became extremely attached to M. Gaubius; and from thence to Paris, where he spent much of his time with M. Senac, in whom he found a great resemblance to his former instructor, M. Brendel.

In 1752, M. Zimmerman returned to Berne, where he almost immediately enjoyed great confidence in his practice, and had the pleasure of again finding his early acquaintance, who received him with the utmost cordiality. It was then that he published in the Neuchatel Journal, without his name, a letter to M. ****, a celebrated physician, concerning M. Haller.

While he resided at Berne, Haller came there to see his friends, and to re-establish his health. At the end of several weeks he determined to return no more to Goettingen, but to fix his abode at Berne; in consequence of which he expressed a wish that his pupil and friend would go to Goettingen to

bring his family to him. Zimmerman undertook this journey with the more pleasure, as he, in common with all who had the happiness of that lady's acquaintance, had the most perfect esteem for madame Haller.

Zimmerman's heart was susceptible of strong attachments, and he formed one for a lady in all respects worthy of him. She was related to Haller, and widow of a Mr. Stek. Her maiden name was Meley. She possessed good sense, a cultivated mind, elegant taste; and, what is still more valuable, that sweetness of manner, that equability of temper, that soothing charm of voice, which so frequently recalled his sinking spirits during the time that it pleased Heaven to continue their union.

Shortly after his marriage, the post of physician to the town of Brug, the salary of which is very moderate, considering the extent of the place, its revenue, and the duties attached to the situation, became vacant, and the principal citizens requested M. Zimmerman to undertake it. It is natural to love the places where we have passed our youth; and he had there relations, friends, and an excellent house, which, notwithstanding his agreeable situation at Berne, determined him to return to his natal soil.

It was at this time that an acquaintance commenced between M. Zimmerman and myself; an acquaintance which has been endeared by reciprocal affection.

His reputation in practice was established when he arrived at Brug, and he became immediately the physician not only of the town, but of all the country round, in which the patients were very numerous. But this was still not sufficient wholly to occupy his ardent mind, or satisfy his thirst for knowledge; each fresh acquisition only served to increase the desire for more. M. Zimmerman read much, not only in physic, but in morality, philosophy, literature, history, travels, and periodical publications.

Even novels he did not despise. It is indeed difficult to discover why good works of that sort should be lightly esteemed. There are no literary productions in which man is so well drawn, the resources of his mind so well disclosed, and the secret recesses of his heart so clearly developed. Good novels are the natural history of moral man, and ought on that account to be read with attention. English novels, and those of M. Wieland, with whom he was intimately acquainted, gave him the greatest pleasure; and he amused his mind by committing to paper the ideas which (as with every man who thinks) were produced by every perusal. These he afterwards formed into small pieces, and had them inserted in a journal entitled the *Moniteur*, which was printed at Zurich, and which I have heard commended by very good judges.

What he wrote to me on this occasion explains the inattention with which he composed his most considerable work, and that to which he was most attached, namely his "Treatise on Solitude:" "I love solitude, and I find pleasure no where but at home; I write to procure myself amusement." It was natural for him to be happy at home; beside his wife, his mother-in-law, a very sensible woman, lived there with him; and in a twelve-month after his marriage he had become a father. Yet he had not always loved solitude, and he once knew how to be happy away from home. This sudden change was in a great measure owing to the place of his abode, and it had the greatest influence over every moment of his life. Ever since he had first quitted Brug to go to college, he had lived either at Berne or at Goettingen, and he had formed at both those places connections with sensible, intelligent, and amiable young men, whose conversation he truly enjoyed, as they enabled him to acquire knowledge, to display his talents, and exercise his genius: a high gratification, no doubt, to those who are happily so

endowed. He lived with associates of his own age, and he found among his patients persons worthy his regard. He had also within his reach every assistance necessary for the cultivation of letters and the sciences, which is a very strong inducement whenever knowledge is properly estimated.

The greater part of these enjoyments M. Zimmerman lost when he went to Brug: I do not mean to say that there are no persons of good sense, no enlightened or amiable people in small towns; perhaps, there are even more, proportionably, than in large ones; and I know, by the letters I had from him there, that there were such in Brug; but in a small town the number of such persons can be but few; they have their professions, their callings, and their family duties, to occupy their attention; they belong to society, and they do not like to separate from it in order to give themselves up wholly to one friend. In this there is much to commend. Besides, a man of letters wants a public library, booksellers, literary friends, and the newest publications, which an individual who is not rich cannot easily procure, and which lose their value if there is no one to converse with about them. A person who loves his profession is desirous of associating with others who like it also, with whom he may consult, and to whom he may impart his discoveries.

M. Zimmerman felt too deeply all these wants; he complained of them, and his letters frequently recalled to my mind some of those spoiled children, who, when they have not all the play-things they want, will not amuse themselves with those which they have; and whose enjoyment of what they have, is destroyed by reflections on what they have not.

He found no allurements at Brug, because he thought there could be none there; having always had a very tender and delicate nervous system, the frequent sensation of discontent threw him into the hypo-

chondria, and the hypochondria increased his taste for solitude, which may also exist without any trouble of the mind.

M. Zimmerman's taste for solitude did not, however, render him neglectful of the functions which his employment imposed upon him, and which he fulfilled with the greatest tenderness and most scrupulous exactness. It was a duty, and the discharge of it gave him pleasure; besides, he loved physic; an extraordinary, difficult, or dangerous disorder engaged his extremest attention, and he scarcely ever quitted his patient.

Upon leaving his patients, M. Zimmerman usually returned home; and when he went into company, it was generally either to please madame Zimmerman, or upon some particular occasions, when he was rather compelled by necessity than courted by pleasure.

When the fits of the hypochondria had left him, which sometimes happened, his gaiety returned, and for a few days he would, from choice, mix in society; the true spirit of which, and what can alone render it interesting, is, that every one brings his share of amusement according to his means; that those who are most able give most; that every one carries thither that good-humour which consists in the making himself agreeable to every body; and, above all, that nobody can think he has a right to receive more than he gives.

In this situation Zimmerman passed fourteen years of his life, dividing his time between the study and the practice of physic, in reading good books on other subjects, in composing, and in corresponding with his friends. His letters during that period presented me, weekly, and sometimes oftener, with an exact account of his occupation as a physician, of his studies, of his plans, of his manner of living, of his troubles, and of his pleasures.

Without having ever seen him, I knew him intimately, because no man

was ever more open and unreserved to his friends, and I had him always in my mind's eye.

From the time of his going to Brug, he wrote for the *Journal of Zurich*. Two of the pieces he published in it, excited much conversation in every place where the *Journal* was read. The first of these was a "dream that he had in the night of the 5th of November, 1755, concerning the state of the soul after death, which he related without addition or abridgment:" the second was a "plan of a catechism for small towns;" a satire upon several ridiculous customs; and, as the same customs are to be found in towns of great inequality, more than one thought itself the object of the railery, and became extremely angry; and one of the authors of the *Journal* was very near being ill-treated while passing through W*****.

His first essay upon Solitude appeared toward the end of 1756. It is a very short work, and has been translated within these few years into Italian by M. Antoni, a very able physician of Vicenza.

He formed also the plan of his treatise upon "Experience in Physic," of which he sent me a very detailed sketch; and it was in speaking to me about this work that he defined a quack to be, "a wise man who profits from the folly of others;" although there certainly never was a man who disliked that sort of wisdom more than himself.

The first volume did not appear till the end of 1763, and was not translated before 1774. It is the art of observing, illustrated by some excellent remarks, with the best rules for drawing advantage from observations.

In 1758, M. Zimmerman published his work on "National Pride," four editions of which were rapidly printed, each under his own inspection; it was translated into French at Paris, in 1769, and has just been reprinted there.

From 1758 to 1763, he devoted to his treatise on "Experience," all the leisure time which an extensive practice among not only the people of Brug, but those of the surrounding country to a great distance, and even strangers who came to consult him, afforded. In 1760, he was admitted a member of the society at Berlin; and since that time of several other literary bodies, who were eager to receive him. He belonged to the societies of Zurich, Berne, Basle, Munich, Palermo, Bezaro, Goettingen, and to those of physic of Paris, London, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, and lastly, in 1786, he was received into the academy of St. Petersburg.

M. Zimmerman had some idea of writing a treatise on the "Vapours and on Hypochondria;" disorders on which he had made some good observations; but he soon abandoned the project. His employments (as plainly appeared to his friends) did not prevent him from being extremely discontented with his situation. I was sorry for it, and felt that he was made for a more conspicuous scene of action. I neglected nothing that might interest in his favour the two persons who appeared to me most likely to procure it for him. One was Haller, with whom he was no longer on such good terms as formerly; and the other was the baron de Kl—, who was here for his health, and who, having been a long time minister at one of the courts of Germany, had a great deal of interest with the ministers of several others. These two gentlemen turned their thoughts toward the electorate of Hanover; and M. Zimmerman was so well known, that he might have been presented any where with confidence. The Hanoverian minister wrote to the baron de Kl—, to intreat that he would endeavour to procure for M. Zimmerman one of the first places in the king's gift, in some of the principal towns of the electorate. Zimmerman, however, would not accept of a place any where but at Hanover, in order that

he might be near M. Werlhoff, for whom he had the greatest respect and attachment. He therefore obtained no appointment. Haller even advised him against it, and thought he would do much better to ascend the chair of practical professor of physic at Goettingen, which he was sure of procuring for him. Zimmerman neither much affected that sort of occupation, nor the air of Goettingen, which he was afraid would not agree either with his own health, or that of his wife or of his mother-in-law; he refused the place, as did also M. Tredelenbourg, and it was at last given to M. Shroeder. Some time after this, it was in agitation to send for him to Berne, upon the death of his friend M. Ith; but this, though designed by the majority of the lords of the council of health, was overturned by those secret instigators, who, in republics as in monarchies, have often more influence over affairs than the persons publicly appointed to conduct them, who are sometimes utterly at a loss to conceive what it is that impedes the effects of their measures.

After that time, M. Zimmerman had many offers, which, without being objects of great importance, proved how much confidence was reposed in him. One of these was made him by count Stadion, who, after having been prime minister to the elector of Mentz, had retired to Varrhausen, a fine seat in Suabia, where he desired to have his advice and his society, and for which he promised him an agreeable house and a considerable salary. Zimmerman did not like the idea of leaving a place which he found too small, for one still smaller, and refused the count's offer. He was the same year invited by the city of Orbe; and the wisdom of the members at the head of the municipality made the invitation as honourable as if it had come from some great court; for courts not frequently call upon a celebrated, in preference to a capable man; but the heads of a town, if they are men of enlightened

understandings, will never make choice of a physician, unless he be one to whom the health of the citizens may be entrusted with safety.

In November, 1764, the counts of Mnizech, who were at Berne, having received a commission to find out a librarian for the king, to which post very agreeable and advantageous conditions were attached, thought, from several conversations they had had with M. Zimmerman, and from his work on *National Pride*, which evinced extensive knowledge, that the post would suit him, and they in consequence made him an offer of it. Zimmerman did not at first refuse this offer; but in his answer he informed them of the great regret he should feel in embracing a profession that would oblige him to give up his own: the negotiation continued for some months, and at last, on the first of April, 1765, he absolutely declined the engagement.

In 1761, he became a member of the Patriotic Society of Schintznach, originally projected and arranged by M. Hirzel, at that time a physician, and now counsellor of state at Zurich, and by the late M. J. Iselin, secretary of state at Basle, two of those men in whose names Switzerland will for ever glory, and which had for its object to connect together the distinguished men of each canton; to produce a general spirit of patriotism; to form an exact representation of Switzerland, according to such designs as the best informed men in each province could give; to persuade the whole country that it formed but one family, and that in whatever part of the canton a Switzer should find himself, it should be to him a home; in a word, "to maintain a perpetual, an indissoluble friendship, love, union, and concord." Zimmerman was the common friend of the two founders, and the first person to whom they communicated the plan. It met with his warmest approbation; and he became one of the nine members who met at Schintznach, in May,

1761, and never failed to attend the meetings during the time he remained in Switzerland.

The meeting of 1764, when M. Hirzel was president, was the first that was very numerous; he was extremely well received, and very happy there. The first letter that he wrote to me after his return to Brug, wherein he speaks principally of his conversations with M. Hirzel and Gesner the poet, as well as that which I received from him in 1775, soon after he had been with the famous Schonpach, breathe an air of the utmost gaiety, and are full of that kind of writing which the English call humour; of which other nations have so little knowledge, that they have not even a term of language by which to express it.

In 1765 he was sent for to Soleure, to attend one of the principal women in that city; and no sooner was he known than he was earnestly requested to settle there. The late Advoyer Glutz, a man of great merit, with whom he became acquainted at Schintznach, and who was afterwards one of the chiefs of the state, made the proposition to the council, which was first to take cognizance of it; and it was agreed to. But this council was not absolute; and those whom the measure displeased, artfully interposed religion as an obstacle in the way. They asked, "would a protestant physician inform the sick of their danger soon enough to enable them to attend to their spiritual affairs; and would they not run the risk of dying without confession, without the holy sacrament, and without the extreme unction?" This objection succeeded, as indeed it could not fail, and the proposal was rejected in the grand council.

However agreeable to M. Zimmerman an establishment might have been, in a city where he had found many very distinguished men of genius and character, and in amiable and polite society, he laughed extremely on hearing, some time afterwards, that they had

chosen a brother jesuit apothecary.

Though daily increasing his celebrity, M. Zimmerman was not the less unhappy; and perhaps his celebrity made him feel the more sensibly, that the theatre on which he was placed was not capacious enough for the energies of his mind: to which may also be added another cause of melancholy. He began to feel the first attacks of that disorder which afterwards, in the year 1771, obliged him to go to Berlin. The confident of all his complaints, I was continually occupied with the means of procuring for him a situation that might be more agreeable to him, a task by no means easy. The same disposition of the nerves that makes us feel so quickly the least trouble, and produces a desire of change, causes also that of irresolution and timidity, which makes all change alarming. M. Zimmerman's health has been before mentioned, but I must speak of it again. It has so great an influence over the manner of seeing, of judging, and of determining, that in many cases man becomes inexplicable if he be not known. He would not permit me, in 1766, when I wrote my letter of thanks to the king of Poland (who had done me honour of naming me his chief physician), to mention him with M. Tralles as one of the two physicians in whom I had the greatest confidence, and whom I considered as most worthy of that monarch's regard. M. Tralles refused. M. Zimmerman was afterwards sorry; but it was too late; the post had been given away. The year following I was more fortunate, and was able at last to procure for him that place, which he has so well filled during the last twenty-seven years of his life. I am sorry to mention myself so often; but I know not how entirely to separate myself from the history of a friend, in the greater part of the incidents of whose life I have participated.

Uncertain for some time whether I should accept the appointment of

chief physician to the king of England at Hanover, which had become vacant by the death of M. Werlhoff, I had inquired of M. Zimmerman what he would do in case it should be offered him, and I understood by his answer that he would accept it with pleasure. When I had refused it, notwithstanding the intreaties of Haller, who, charged with the commission of offering it to me, had used his utmost endeavours to induce my acceptance of it, I proposed to him to recommend M. Zimmerman, who was influenced by none of those reasons that had induced me to decline it; Haller refused. I believe I have before mentioned, that these two gentlemen were not such good friends as they ought always to have been; and all I could obtain of Haller was, to say that I had thought of M. Zimmerman; and that was not sufficient. By directly thanking M. de Munchausen, I thought I could mention him myself; it was easy to support my recommendation by strong reasons; and, beside this, I did not recommend a person wholly unknown. I also addressed myself to the baron de Walmoden, now field-marshal of the king's armies, who, though out of administration, and non-resident at the time, had over public affairs all that influence which ability, personal consideration, and connexions with capable ministers will always produce; lastly, I interested in his favour the baron de Hochstetten, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted, and who was himself very intimately connected with M. de Munchausen, from whom I received the most polite and favourable answer possible. My friend was appointed to the post in the beginning of April, 1768, and set out for Hanover on the 11th of July following.

I fondly hoped that his departure would be the era of his entrance upon a more happy career, and felicitated myself as having contributed to his establishment: but I was soon sadly undeceived. The carriage in

which himself and his family travelled was overturned at the gates of Hanover; his mother-in-law broke her leg; and this accident rendered unhappy the first moments of their abode. A few days after his arrival, he lost the lord of the regency most attached to him. The disorder of which I have already mentioned that he had experienced the first attacks at Brug, continued to increase, and was accompanied with such acute pains, as rendered the exercise of his duty sometimes painful to him. The jealousy of a colleague, now no more, brought upon him a multitude of those trifling irritations, which if he had enjoyed good health he would not have felt, but which the state of his nerves rendered almost insupportable. Several persons vainly considered that he ought to do any thing to gain their good will, and wished to have him continually with them. "Women who have drank coffee with king George the second, persuade themselves that I ought to be as much at their command as I should have been at his."—They wished to make him their slave, and that was a part for which he was not at all calculated. He knew it was for the disorder, and not for the patient, to regulate the number and the hours of the physician's visits, and he always conducted himself upon this principle; but persons whose caprices he thus thwarted did not (as may be supposed) take much pains to render his abode agreeable. The health of his wife, which always depended upon his own, broke rapidly; that of his children, which had never been strong, did not improve. He often wrote to me from Hanover, as he had done at Brug, "save my wife, or rather save myself; save these children that are dearer to me than life;" and each of his letters caused me very sincerely to regret having contributed to his removal. Happily, the confidence of the public drove him into continual occupation, which is the surest protection against troubles of the

mind. The patients of Hanover, the consultations of all the north, and the patients who came in person to consult him, drew him from his melancholy; all his hours were taken up; he passed whole months in full occupation. The greatest relaxations he knew, were in some visits to princes who desired his advice in cases of great importance, and whom he never quitted without having inspired them with as much attachment as esteem; and in several journeys to Pymont, where he passed part of the water season, which was of service to him for the first and second year; but which afterwards acted as tonics so often do upon irritable persons: they caused spasms.

Another reason, however, would have been sufficient to make him leave off his visits; he did not find there the repose that he wanted: all the patients wished to have his advice; many came there on his account only; and this was so well known, that, in 1780, the hereditary prince, now landgrave, of Hesse Cassel, invited him, at the same time offering very agreeable conditions, to come to pass the summer at the baths of Willemsbad, near Hannau; which he refused, because he knew that he should not enjoy there, any more than at Pymont, the repose which his own state of health so strongly demanded.

But if at Hanover M. Zimmerman found some persons ill inclined towards him, he found also friends of great merit and amiable conduct in both sexes. I think that at the head of these he always placed M. de Walmoden (who was constantly giving him proofs of his attachment), M. Stube, secretary of state, and madame de Doering, his sister, whose mind and virtues he has so well described, and whose friendship performed for him in the end, every thing that could be expected of it. His correspondence with his absent friends, who were numerous, continued to be one of the pleasures of his life.

The pleasure which I received

from his letters was perpetually damped, as I have already said, by expressions of his uneasiness, and especially from the end of 1769, by the melancholy occasioned by the declining health of his wife, whom he had the misfortune to lose on the 23d of June, 1770. The portrait he has drawn of her is extremely interesting: "leave me to myself! I exclaimed a thousand times to my surrounding friends," &c. This loss overcame him, and his disorders increased every day; he described most minutely the seat and the progress of his pains, and requested of me, as of his other friends in whom he placed any confidence, means of cure, which I was far from being able to give him. I saw clearly a local disorder, but I could not imagine what it was: I referred him to some skilful surgeon; but there was not one in his neighbourhood in whom he had any confidence; I should have said to him, "come to me;" but how could I propose a journey of two hundred leagues to a man to whom the least motion of a carriage was a torment? At last, however, I advised, I pressed him to go to Berlin, to M. Meckel, who would be able to judge of his complaint, would superintend it, and would chuse a skilful surgeon to perform the operation, if it should be judged necessary; and I conceived it to be so. My solicitations prevailed, and he arrived at Berlin on the 11th of June, 1771. M. Meckel received him as the best of brothers, and insisted on his living with him, where for five months he enjoyed every thing that could be agreeable in a most amiable family.

The operation was performed on the 24th of June, by M. Smucker, and M. Meckel found the case so interesting as to be induced to make it the subject of a small work, which is full of new and useful remarks.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear company, he profited of the society of the most enlightened persons of Berlin, not only

of men of letters, but of the most distinguished personages of every description, and of the highest rank. This was one of the happiest times of his life. He enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of a cure after a long and painful disorder, the charms of a delightful private society, the happiness of being received with the utmost satisfaction, and of becoming acquainted and connecting himself with the most distinguished men of letters in Germany. His most intimate connexion was with M. Sulgar, whom he had long admired, and whom it was impossible to know without esteeming.

The reception he met with on his return to Hanover was also a sensible pleasure for him, and he hoped to enjoy at last a good state of health; but the application that a crowd of consultations required soon deranged his nerves again; pains were felt in the part where the operation had been performed, and the hypochondria returned; besides, the education of his daughter, deprived of the care of her grandmother, who had not long survived her daughter, gave him some uneasiness; he sent her to me in 1773, desiring me to superintend her progress; and she remained here two years, in the same house with myself, under the care of two ladies of great merit.

It was when he came here in 1775 to take her away, on which occasion he passed five weeks with me, that I had for the first time the pleasure of seeing him; I will not say of beginning to know him, for I found I knew him already; the friend speaking, recalled to me every instant the friend writing, and perfectly resembled the portrait in my "mind's eye." I saw the man of genius, who instantly perceives an object under every point of view, and whose imagination enables him to present it under the most agreeable. His conversation was instructive, brilliant, and interspersed with a multitude of interesting facts and pleasant stories: his physiognomy was always animated and expres-

sive ; he spoke with great precision on every subject ; when he conversed upon medicine, which was frequently the case, I observed in him the most profound principles and the clearest understanding. When he accompanied me in my visits to patients whose cases were dangerous, or when I read to him the consultations I received on the most difficult cases, I always found in him the greatest sagacity in discovering the causes and explaining the symptoms, great accuracy in forming the indications, and exquisite judgment in the choice of remedies ; he prescribed very few, but made use only of such as were efficacious. In short, I soon perceived him to be an upright, virtuous, honest man ; and his stay here was much shorter than I could have wished it. He took away with him his daughter, who was possessed of all the qualities necessary to justify the extreme tenderness of a father, whose happiness she would have been, had not her health received a stroke from extreme grief a short time after she left Lausanne, from which it never recovered, which threw her into a decline for five years, and was during all that time the occasion of the keenest sensations of grief to M. Zimmerman, who had at that epoch another subject of uneasiness, perhaps still more distressing, the state into which his son had fallen.

This young gentleman had been subject from early youth to a species of eruption called the tetter or ring-worm, which chiefly affected the head, the face, and behind the ears. While it was out, the child was very well, gay, and sensible ; but no sooner did it strike in again, than he became weak, his talents disappeared, and he fell into a melancholic apathy, rare at that age. This alteration of health and illness continued till his father sent him to Goettingen at the close of the year 1772, when he had the satisfaction to learn that his whole system was absolutely changed ; he recovered

his gaiety, and displayed great talents. From Goettingen he went to Strasburg, where, incited by a friend, who like himself was full of genius and emulation, but who enjoyed an excellent state of health, he gave himself wholly up to a study too laborious for nerves naturally weak, and which were at that time affected with regret at leaving Goettingen : he again fell into the most profound melancholy, and wrote to his father, intreating him more earnestly to dispense with his travels to France, Holland, and England, than another would have done for permission to make such a tour. A short time afterwards, about the end of December, 1777, he entirely lost his senses.

For near twenty years he has been a perfect imbecile, happily exempt from all pain and grief, in a good air, and with an excellent man, where M. Hotze placed him, and where he wants for nothing.

M. Zimmerman, already wounded by this misfortune, had the additional misery of seeing the fatal stroke approach that was to snatch his amiable daughter from him. She died in the summer of 1781. Mrs. de Doering, indeed, remained, but even she was going to leave him ; a new employment called her husband elsewhere, and she saw clearly that the only means of saving M. Zimmerman would be to unite him to a companion who should be worthy of him. This companion was the daughter of M. de Berger, physician to the king at Luneberg, and brother of baron de Berger, of whom I have already spoken. The marriage did not take place till the beginning of October, 1782. "It is Mrs. Doering that has made this choice for me, and I bless God for it every day of my life." I should wound the modesty of Mrs. Zimmerman if I were to insert here the character he sent me of her, several years after they had been married.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE FORMATION OF CLOUDS.

THE new system of chemistry has furnished means of discovering things, which would have remained for ages obscure without it. Amongst the chief of those discoveries is that of the formation of clouds; and thence to account for the phenomenon of thunder.

We know that oxygen and hydrogen gases, combined in certain proportions, form water, or, in other words, that water is formed by the decomposition of oxygen and hydrogen gases, in the proportion of 86 parts of the former, and 14 parts of the latter. To establish the theory of the cause of thunder, it is first necessary to account for the formation of clouds; and next, through their medium, to account for the phenomenon of thunder.

Very probably, the matter of clouds are composed of oxygen and hydrogen, in a state of gas, and very probably intermixed with a portion of carbonic acid gas.

The hydrogen gas is formed from the effluvia of the earth, by the help of the sun's rays on its surface, and being of less specific gravity than atmospheric air, it naturally ascends, and carries with it a portion of oxygen from the atmosphere; and mixing with the carbonic gas, and small portions of various other effluvia, constitutes what we call clouds.

The carbonic gas is formed from smoke, &c., which may serve to enclose the oxygen and hydrogen gases, in the same manner that air is enclosed in the froth of liquids.

Therefore, I suppose that clouds are not one continued mass or body of vapour, or mixed gases, but interspersed with bubbles or bladders, inflated with a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases.

Thunder was supposed to be caused by the explosion of sulphureous and nitrous vapours by the heat of the atmosphere, aided by electricity. But if we consider the clouds as

formed according to the above hypothesis, which to all appearances they are, thunder may be accounted for in a much more satisfactory way.

The following experiment will serve, in some measure, to prove or elucidate what is here advanced:

Have a bladder full of oxygen and hydrogen gases (combined in the same proportion as specified in the commencement of this paper), with a stop cock adapted to it, which cock immerse in soap-suds, then turning it, inflate the suds or bubble that hangs to it by compressing the bladder, and you will have a soap bubble inflated with a combination of oxygen and hydrogen gases, which bubble, if an electric spark is made to pass through it, will explode or detonate with a loud report, and the two mixed gases will be found converted to water, equal in weight to the decomposed gases.

The clouds may in some measure be compared to the soap bubbles in the above experiment, as they are chiefly composed of oxygen and hydrogen gases. Therefore, suppose the atmosphere to be positively electrified in one part, and negatively in another, they will endeavour to form an equilibrium; and meeting with a cloud in the circuit of the electric fluid, the gas contained in that cloud will be decomposed, exhibiting the phenomenon of thunder by the explosion, and is followed by a shower of rain, which is more or less, according to the loudness of the report, or the quantity of gas the cloud contains.

It may be held as an argument against the above, that it frequently thunders without rain; but in answer to it, and as a confirmation of the above, I say, that when it thunders without rain, it is only when the thunder is at a distance; for, invariably as a clap of thunder is heard nigh, the rain is found to increase in proportion to the loudness of the report. And as a confirmation to the above form or matter of clouds (I mean, their being inter-

spersed with bladders, or bubbles of inflated gas); we hear that rumbling noise sometimes during a thunder storm; for, if they were not composed of detached particles of matter, the report would be instantaneous, and not attended with that crackling noise as it is sometimes, which is the effect of several explosions immediately following one after another.

Another argument against the cause of thunder in the above manner is this:—why does it not always thunder preceding rain, as rain is always formed by the explosion or decomposition of the gaseous fluids in the clouds?—to which I shall answer, that it is not absolutely necessary that the gaseous fluids in the clouds should be exploded by the electric spark, as various other means may decompose them; for instance, percussions occasioned by wind may in some measure effect it without any explosion, or the different temperature of the atmosphere may, and various other means which we are unacquainted with at present.

G. A. L.

For the Literary Magazine.

A TRAVELLER'S LETTERS.

New York, August, 1806.

THE Park is a handsome walk, but cannot be compared without disadvantage to the Centre Square at Philadelphia. It is, nevertheless, a very agreeable place, in which one may be sheltered from the noonday heats, and enjoy the cool breeze of evening. As it is situated at or near the intersections of several fine streets, and commands a view of several public buildings, these circumstances may make it, in the opinion of some, superior to the one above mentioned, yet, as a walk, or as a garden, it must certainly yield to it: it has also the additional misfortune of being unfashionable. This

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fickle and arbitrary dame frequently interferes with our enjoyments. The walks in the State House yard were once frequented by fashionable people: they had their day. The walk surrounding Mr. Dunlap's grounds succeeded them: this beautiful place is now but little visited. Centre Square is now as fashionable amongst the pedestrians, and this also will probably share the fate of the others, when once its walks shall be too deeply impressed with vulgar footsteps.

Last evening I walked to the battery: there I found little company, and none with whom I could claim acquaintance; I therefore leaned over the railing which encloses the ground, and amused myself by listening to the regular and monotonous dashing of the waves, as they broke against the wall on which I stood: the evening was cloudy and starless, and scarce the solitary sound of a single tongue interrupted the silence which pervaded the walks. I do not *now* remember in which of the elements the poets have been pleased to fix the residence of "pensive Melancholy;" but I think, should she be at a loss, a temporary one might be found for her on the water, when the winds are not too boisterous. Such were my notions at that time, when in thought I addressed her as follows:

Could'st thou not float upon the dashing wave,

That rolls, expiring, to the sandy shore,

When sluggish winds sweep slowly o'er the deep,

And silenc'd is the raging tempest's roar?

Methinks I hear thee in the solemn sounds

Which thus continuous strike the pensive ear,

Hushing each wild emotion to repose,

"Filling the eye with a luxurious tear."

There being little variety in reflections of this nature, or to me but

a short-lived pleasure, I returned to my lodgings, where I arrived as usual, after wandering for a short time, not knowing which way to go.

Yesterday (I should have told you this before) I dined with Mr. P——, who treated me with politeness and attention; we formed quite a domestic family party, which pleased me much. I hate *much* ceremony and formality, particularly when I must bear the whole weight of it myself, and return suitable answers to the polite observations of a score. Mr. P—— was very-conversable, and conversation is a treat when such persons as him engage in it, who is so well qualified to support a rational one.

I have purchased a plan of this city, which enables me to find my way much more readily than before; it will likewise enable you to form a clearer conception of the streets, &c. of it, than you could from any description I am able to write.

I am quite alone here, though in the midst of many thousands of my fellow creatures, for I have no claim on the attentions of any one: this reminds me of some eminent Englishman, who advised his friend to seek solitude in London, observing, that it might be more readily found there than in the country. I wander about the streets from breakfast till dinner time, and from then till night, gazing at every thing *new to me*: sometimes I find myself in a strange neighbourhood, and am compelled to have recourse to my *plan* for information, or to the kindness of some good-natured passenger; at others, I am accosted with "sir, I am a stranger here; will you direct me to this or that part of the city?" I then produce the wonder-working plan, and send the stranger about his business, or we go together, and amuse ourselves with our own embarrassments, which we are sure to attribute to the crookedness and irregularity of the streets, and which we heartily join in condemning. This to a Philadelphian seems extremely strange:

accustomed to behold at every corner the junction of two streets, which directly cross each other, to see in most cases the termination of them from the spot on which he stands, to pursue their direction from any spot to the extremity of the city, he is confused at the winding course those of New York take; he supposes himself travelling in a road which will lead him to the part he wishes to go, but finds himself at last in an opposite quarter of the town; in all their turnings, branches, and terminations, he can see nothing but confusion and perplexity; and it is only by continual repetitions of the same walk that he is at last able to find his way, without trouble and without inquiry.

Many of the houses of this city are large and elegant, particularly those in part of Greenwich-street, Broadway, and a few others. They are generally covered with slate, or tiles of various colours; they mostly want the projecting eave and richly decorated mouldings, cornices, &c., which contribute to give a building a grand and imposing appearance; like the houses of Philadelphia, they are built of various materials; the principal part are of bricks, few or none of marble; some white marble facia and window heads in the Philadelphia taste; these are few in number, and very many have no fascia at all, having the front wall plain, from the ground to the roof, which gives them a naked appearance; to me unpleasing, perhaps because I am unaccustomed to see them so.

Adieu!

New York, August, 1806.

This morning I accompanied "mine host" to the Fly-market, which is the principal one in this city; this being the case, a description of it *alone* will serve. It consists of three separate ranges, in one continued line, commencing at Pearl-street and ending near East

river, the whole forming a line perhaps as long as one of the ranges of the Philadelphia High-street market. It *generally* resembles them also, but differs in *particulars*. The floors are of wood, which in wet weather makes them slippery and inconvenient. I do not find *here* that great plenty and variety of provisions in general, as at Philadelphia, nor are they quite so cheap. Fish, however, form an exception to this rule; they may be had in greater plenty, variety, and freshness; I have seen them jumping about on the stalls (which are enclosed on all sides, like a box, open at the top). I have seen none of what we call snappers, and have been told they are not to be had here in such plenty as at Philadelphia; if this is the case, the lovers of turtle soup must be content to feast on their favourite dish less frequently. I have not seen one pound of butter for sale since I have been here; but you must not suppose there is none to be had; yet it is said to be neither very good nor very plenty.

There is not found here that regularity or convenience which distinguish the markets of my native city. The fruit, vegetables, &c., with their owners, are exposed to all the injuries of the weather; they are ranged on the side of the market-house, in the street, on the pavement, so that there is no more empty space than is barely sufficient to accommodate the foot passenger. I found no waggons or carts laden with the produce of the neighbouring country, ranged along the streets. Every thing which is exposed for sale, may be bought without walking half the distance which it is necessary to do at Philadelphia; this is a convenience indeed, but it is a negative one.

Water-melons are plenty, but not of a large size, nor do I think of a very good quality; I have seen shallops loaded with them at the wharves on the North river, where they were exposed for sale. The cries of "hot corn," &c., frequently saluted my ears, and reminded me

of home. Notwithstanding I had so often been told of the custom of conveying fresh water in casks, on *cars*, through the streets of this city, it appeared very strange to me when I first saw it practised: where it comes from I forgot to inquire, and perhaps it is as well for you I did, for I should have probably told you as much as I knew myself, and made my letter longer than it will otherwise be.

Of the people of this city I can say but little; nor can it be expected I should learn much respecting them, during so short a residence here: the impressions I have received from my slight intercourse with them, is not unfavourable; they seem sufficiently polite and attentive; but as I offer them no incivility, it would be strange if I received any. I have taxed the good nature of some of them pretty highly, by stopping them to ask my way when I have been at a loss to find it. They are by foreigners deemed more polite than *my* fellow citizens; but if they are, we must not look for the distinction in a boarding-house; for here I have made no positive acquaintance with any in the house excepting "mine host;" I know not why, but think I should have become more acquainted with a Philadelphia family in the same time. An actual acquaintance with the characters, dispositions, &c., of one or more persons cannot be made immediately in any place; but on entering into some families we are received as *boarders*, and in others as members of the family: every one who has ever been absent from home, will feel the truth of the distinction.

The public walks have a good appearance, but their beauty is rather borrowed than intrinsic, as I have before remarked; their situation with respect to the streets is very favourable, as it frequently affords a greater variety of objects on which the eye of the observer may rest, than would be the case if the course of the streets was more direct and regular. By way of example, from the Park you have a view of New

Federal Hall, the Alms-house, St. Paul's and Trinity churches; the Theatre, and several fine streets. The public buildings are likewise seen to much advantage for the same reason, as is the case with the banks of the United States and Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; both being visible from other streets than those on which they front; and, by the way, I must observe, that I have not seen a single *finished* building which will bear a comparison with either of the two latter edifices. From the Battery the prospect is extensive, various, and beautiful; the Jersey shore, with its new city *lately incorporated*; North river, East river, Long, Staten, Gibbet, and Governor's Islands, with the fort and barracks on the latter, vessels entering the harbour and leaving it, wherries and other boats going to and from the various places in the neighbourhood, &c., form a beautiful, lively, and interesting picture.

It is perhaps necessary to inform you that what bears the name, is not really a *battery*, but only the scite where one has been. It is now simply an extensive public walk, enclosed (as are the others) with an open railing, and bounded on two sides by the water; it is this which makes it so interesting, and were I an inhabitant of New York, I should like to pass the fine summer evenings there, particularly when the moon casts her mellow lustre on the surrounding waters, when "the busy hum of men" has subsided, and all is tranquil; when the slumbering winds just fan themselves into action, and bring refreshment to the panting bosom.

I am not much pleased with the outside of most of the churches here (the inside I have not seen); they are mostly built of rough-looking stone, and have much the appearance of country churches. There are some exceptions: St. Paul's, though built of stone, is tolerably handsome; it is situated in Broadway, and has a handsome steeple, which I would describe

correctly if I could. The lower part (the tower) is built of fine brown coloured stone, and is ornamented with columns of the same material; higher up are two rows of columns, one over the other, surrounding the succeeding part of the structure; these appear to be wood, painted white, and are, at least a part of them, of the Corinthian order; the upper part of the front of the church is supported by four large pillars of the brown stone, so often mentioned, and forms a portico; in a niche stands a statue of the venerable apostle. The front of the yard, which is large, and occupies a complete New York square, is separated from the street by an iron palisade; the other three sides by a brick wall: the steeple is the finest in New York, and appears to great advantage. I had forgot to mention that on the four sides of the steeple, between the (lower range) columns are four clocks, or faces of them, to proclaim to the passengers the slow but certain progress of time.

Adieu!

Patterson, August, 1806.

I arrived here last evening, after a very wet journey, of five hours, from New York: but this is, *as usual*, proceeding too rapidly. I ought to have told you that, previous to my departure, I called upon Mr. Murray, secretary to an institution, called, I think, the Society of the Arts, and was told I might be gratified with a sight of their collection of statues, casts, &c., by calling the next morning at 9 o'clock. As I had engaged a seat in the stage, which was not to start till 12, I pleased myself with the expectation of seeing what is said to be the best collection of this kind on this side of the Atlantic. I was disappointed; the driver of the stage-coach gave me notice to prepare myself to depart at 10, so that I was compelled to relinquish my intention, and had

the additional mortification of being obliged to wait his convenience till 12. when I bade adieu to New York, entered the ferry boat, and after a short passage across the North river, landed at the city of Jersey.

So great was my vexation, that I question if I had not deferred my departure, for a few days, had not one or two powerful reasons prevented me. That terrible season, when pestilential diseases commonly spread distress and sorrow through the cities of the United States, was present. The weather for some days had been warm, wet, and oppressive: those citizens I had conversed with laboured under great anxiety, and every day expected to hear that the *fever* had made its appearance amongst them. Had I remained, and been attacked with a pain in my head (being a stranger), I might possibly have visited the hospital, against my will. At home we have equal reason to expect the dreaded visitor; I therefore thought it best to proceed on my journey.

I expected to be enabled to give you a more correct account of Vauxhall gardens, and, therefore, visited them in the day time; but when I arrived, found the gate shut; nor could all the noise I was able to make, by beating against it, induce those on the inside to admit me. The players were rehearsing, and I was obliged to walk to my lodgings, which were a long way off, and the heat extremely great and oppressive.

The only description I can give of them is as follows: they are situated at the extremity of Broadway (at least to reach them one must follow the direction of that street), and consist of an enclosed space of ground, said to be three acres, but apparently more, laid out handsomely in walks and grass plots. Some of the front walks have arched frames erected over them for the reception of lights, which at night produce a very pleasing effect; like all places of the kind, this is planted with trees, and provided with summer-houses for

the accommodation of company; it is adorned with busts and statues; but as I had but a slight acquaintance with these good people, I can give you but little account of them. I thought I saw old father Homer in a corner of the garden, and a few others of less note. In the front of the grounds stands the summer theatre, where a company perform for the amusement of those who chuse to visit it. The price of admission is 50 cents for box, pit, or gallery; in truth they are all one and the same thing, for the spectators sit in the open air. Those who are inclined to dispute for the best seats, would here have nothing to do.

During my stay at New York, I visited the Shakespeare gallery, opposite the Park, which contains a large number of pictures representing the principal scenes in Shakespeare's plays; many of them I had seen. Some did not suit my taste, or, if you will, *my want of taste*. Among those which did, are the following: that representing scene second, in act first, of the *Tempest*, where Prospero tells Caliban,

"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side stitches."

The mildness and dignity apparent in the features of the former, and the beauty of his daughter, are strongly contrasted with the savage ferocity and canine expression so visible in the face of the latter, and produce a good effect.

Scene fourth, act third, of *Cymbeline*; scene first, act fourth, of *Midsummer Night's Dream*; scene first, act fifth, of the *Tempest*, Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess: this is a fine picture; the countenance of Miranda is the most beautiful I ever saw: there is life in the whole figure, a smile plays on her lips; and she appears almost animated. There are others, perhaps as good, but I did not particularly notice them. There are likewise some good paintings; a full length

picture of the venerable Washington, a bust portrait of Mr. Jay, one of David Garrick, said to be exquisite, and some others.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

AMONG the many claims which the French make to pre-eminence in literature, there is none, perhaps, which they have better established among the nations of the continent, than the superiority of their drama. The English alone seem disposed to contest this point with them. It is only the mob in Spain, that would prefer Lope and Calderon to Corneille and Racine. The judicious critics of Italy will not compare Goldoni with Moliere: they will acknowledge that the Italian comedy is inferior to the French. The *Meropé* of Voltaire, it can scarcely be denied, is a finer tragedy than the *Meropé* of Maffei; and although the works of Alfieri display elevation of sentiment, and fire of genius, yet there is much stiffness and harshness in his style; there is a want of *pathos* in his manner; and he seldom succeeds in touching the heart. His language is too learned for the theatre; and perhaps, even to the critic, he shows himself too emulous of Dante. The admirers of tragedy in Italy are fewer, we believe, than in France. The reason is obvious. The Italians possess the charming operas of Metastasio; but they have no tragedy that can be compared with *Athalie*, or with *Phédre*. Of the success of the buskined muse in Germany, we are by no means so competent to speak. From what we do know, however, we are inclined to suspect, that High Dutch has not yet become her favourite language; and if the character given of it by Charles the fifth were right, this cannot be a matter of surprise. We believe, too,

that the enlightened Germans readily confess, that their tragic writers have not yet attained the highest elegance; that they are not perfect masters of their art; and that they are rather deficient in taste, and are somewhat given to extravagance. From the few specimens, which we have seen, we are disposed to acquiesce in this opinion. It may not be fair to judge from translations; and when we have read the *Robbers*, and some other German plays in English, we have lamented, that we thereby lost the harmonious periods, and the smooth and polished verses, which, no doubt, we should have admired in the original. Metaphors, that might have been brilliant, and exclamations and interjections, which might have been extremely moving in the German, become ludicrous to us when expressed in our own vernacular tongue, and when uttered in plain English accents.

The same judgment, which can approve of the translated works of Schiller and Kotzebue, is not likely to be delighted with the more regular productions of the French dramatists. The truth, indeed, is, that even Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, have comparatively few admirers in England. It is said, that the French versification is monotonous; that the rhymes are fatiguing to the ear; that the speeches are too long and too declamatory; that the heroes of Greece and Rome are converted into French courtiers; and that there is too much gallantry and too little passion in the principal scenes. We believe no candid critic will deny the general justice of these objections; and yet we suspect there is one which remains behind, of which the influence is at least as powerful as any of the rest.

We are not pleased with a regular drama. Our pit and our galleries have no great notion of fine versification and beautiful poetry. They generally decide the fate of a new piece; and the rules of art, and the higher graces of composition, are all lost on the honest shop-

keepers, and industrious tradesmen, who seek for a few hours of recreation at the theatre from their usual occupations. Our fine gentlemen, and our women of fashion, seldom disturb the tranquillity of the audience by the expression either of their applause, or of their disapprobation. They are generally too much occupied with themselves, or else they are too listless to attend to any thing which may be passing on the stage. Hence it appears, that dramatic writers wisely forbear from attempting to please refined spectators. Hence the rules of art are abandoned; the scene is full of bustle and confusion, probability is forgotten, and extravagance is applauded. The fable, the plot, the incidents, the characters, and the dialogue, are, indeed, of little importance to the *show-man*, in comparison with the scenery and the decorations; but when he would avail himself of them as powerful auxiliaries, he must then remember whom it is that he has to please. To amuse the mere vulgar, his fable cannot be the worse for being a little improbable, nor his characters for being a little extravagant. When his actors declaim, their style should be highly florid, their language hyperbolical, and their metaphors mixed. Such sentiments as are toasted with applause at a tavern-dinner should be loudly vociferated; and a favourite truism should ever be ready to hobble forward in a verse. Tragedy, comedy, and farce should be well jumbled together; Melpomene should never long keep possession of the scene; and a song may now and then be advantageously introduced, lest the spectators should grow too impatient for the tune of the *President's March*, or *Yankee Doodle*.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVOLUTIONS IN COCHINCHINA.

IN the year 1774, the peace of the kingdom of Cochinchina was

violated by a sudden and overwhelming insurrection, headed by three brothers of great wealth and influence. They seized the person of the sovereign, whom they put to death, with all of his family who fell into their hands, and established themselves, without opposition, in full possession of the government. The reigning usurper soon took occasion to quarrel with his neighbour the king of *Tung-quin*, who, being defeated in the first engagement, fled to Peking, and implored the protection of the great emperor, to whom he had long been tributary. A vast army of Chinese was accordingly marched against the usurper; but, by superior skill and activity, he contrived to harass and elude them, till he was at last enabled to drive them back to the borders of Canton, with the loss of more than half their numbers. The mandarin who commanded this baffled army, and trembled for his life if his failure should be known at court, had recourse to one of those daring impositions, which are only credible in extensive despotisms, and transmitted a dispatch to Peking, giving an account of a series of splendid successes; but enlarging, at the same time, on the bravery and popularity of the usurper, and the incapacity of the fugitive monarch, and humbly suggesting that it would be the wisest course to invite the former to do homage for the kingdom of *Tung-quin* at Peking, and to indemnify the abdicated sovereign with some other appointment. The court adopted this counsel; and an invitation, in due form, was sent to the usurper to proceed to Peking. This wary general, however, distrusting his imperial majesty, thought it more prudent to employ one of his confidential officers to personate him on this occasion, and to proceed to do homage in his stead. This representative of royalty was accordingly received with due honour at the imperial presence, and formally invested with the sceptre of *Tung-quin*. On his safe return to that kingdom,

the usurper, apprehensive that the emperor might discover the imposition that had been practised upon him, thought it most adviseable to cut off the heads of his representative and all his attendants, as quickly as possible, and established himself, without farther opposition, on the throne of *Cochinchina* and *Tung-quin*, in the end of the year 1779. An enemy was now arraying himself against him, however, of a more formidable description.

At the time of the rebellion in 1774, there happened to reside at the court of *Cochinchina*, a French missionary, of the name of Adran, who was strongly attached to the person and family of the rightful sovereign. By his aid, the queen, and the young prince, with his sister, were secretly withdrawn from the capital, when the king, and the rest of the royal family, fell by the hands of the insurgents, and remained for a considerable period of time concealed in a forest, where they were maintained by the labour and resources of this faithful adherent. When the heat of the pursuit was over, and the usurper had relaxed his vigilance, the enterprising Adran led the young prince back to his capital, and erected his standard, to which the people flocked in great numbers. By his activity, too, several European vessels, then lying in the port, were purchased, and directed against the fleet of the usurper, to which they did considerable damage; but were speedily obliged to retire; and, that veteran commander returning to the centre of his dominions with a vast army, the prince was compelled once more to abandon the throne of his ancestors, and to take refuge, with about twelve hundred followers, in a small uninhabited island in the Gulph of Siam. From this retreat he was in danger of being expelled, by the restless vengeance of his enemy, when he thought it expedient to seek refuge at the court of Siam, and did good service to that monarch, by leading his armies to victory against the

Birmans, with whom he had been long engaged in hostility. He soon lost the favour of this sovereign, however, and was in eminent danger of being sacrificed to the jealousy of his courtiers, when he escaped once more to his solitary island, which he now took care to fortify in such a way as to secure him against any sudden attack.

At this period, his faithful counsellor and assistant Adran conceived an idea of applying, in behalf of this injured sovereign, to Louis XVI of France; and accordingly set out on this generous and romantic mission, carrying one of the prince's sons with him, as a hostage and pledge of his veracity. They arrived in Paris in 1787; and that politic court, immediately perceiving the benefit which might be derived from an interference so apparently disinterested, actually concluded a treaty with the exiled king of *Cochinchina*. In this curious document, it is stipulated, among other things, that France shall immediately furnish to her ally a fleet of twenty ships of war, with five regiments of French, and two of colonial forces, to be under the absolute command of the king of *Cochinchina*; and shall also immediately advance one million of dollars, half in specie, and the other in arms and ammunition. In return, the king of *Cochinchina* ceded, in perpetuity to France, the bay and peninsula of Turon, with the adjacent islands; stipulated to furnish fourteen ships of the line, with stores and tackling; to admit an establishment of officers of the marine in his dominions; and to allow the French consuls to build any number of vessels in his ports; and, for that purpose, to fell any quantity of timber in his forests. In case the king of France should be at war with any power in India, he is permitted to raise and discipline, in the European manner, fourteen thousand *Cochinchinese* soldiers; and the king is to provide sixty thousand more, disciplined in the manner of their country.

M. Adran set out triumphantly, with this treaty in his pocket ; but at Pondicherry, he had the misfortune to give offence to the mistress of the governor-general, who stimulated his excellency to thwart and oppose his further proceedings ; and occasioned such a delay in equipping the necessary armaments at the Isle of France, that, before they were completed, the revolution broke out in Europe, and the whole scheme was abandoned. The zealous Adran proceeded, notwithstanding, to rejoin his heroic sovereign, whom he found once more in possession of his capital, in 1790, and whom he assisted, in the year following, to reconquer a considerable part of his dominions. In 1793, the indefatigable monarch had recovered about a third part of his territories ; the other two thirds, including Turon and its dependencies, remaining in possession of the rebels. In the year 1796, it has since been ascertained, he had reconquered about one third more of the country ; and in the year 1800, when the last authentic accounts arrived, he was preparing to invade Tung-quin with a formidable armament.

The character of this monarch, who is known by the name of *Caung-shung*, is sufficient of itself to redeem the aristocracy of Asia from the reproach of indolence or incapacity, and intitles him to be placed upon a level with the most illustrious names in European story. During the short intervals of peace which he has been permitted to enjoy, he has laboured, by the wisest institutions, to promote the peaceful, as well as the warlike, arts among his subjects. He has encouraged agriculture and manufactures of every denomination ; he has established public schools in every part of his dominions ; has caused a regular survey to be made of the whole sea-coast, and buoys and land-marks to be erected in the dangerous places ; he has opened mines, and erected smelting furnaces. With a view to the military improvement of his country, he em-

ployed the faithful Adran to translate into the Chinese language, a system of European tactics for the regulation of his army ; and applied himself to the erection of a marine, with such indefatigable activity, that, in 1800, he had actually a fleet of no less than twelve hundred vessels, several of them of European construction, and the whole trained to manœuvre by signals, according to the most approved methods of modern times. He is anxious to have the assistance of European officers and men of science in the different departments of his government ; and has himself no mean knowledge of many of our useful arts, through Adran's translation of several articles in the *Encyclopædia*. To ship building, in particular, he has applied himself with such persevering industry, that he is said to have purchased a Portuguese vessel, for the express purpose of taking it in pieces, plank by plank, with his own hands, fitting in a new piece of similar form and dimensions till the whole had been completely renovated.

The Cochinchinese formed originally a part of the empire of China, and still use their written character. The spoken language has varied so much, as now to be nearly unintelligible to a Chinese ; but in their diet and superstitions, their marriages and funeral ceremonies, their games, music, and entertainments, and the greater part of their ordinary life, they exactly resemble the people from whom they have been separated. The chief difference in their character and manners, consists in their habitual gaiety and loquacity, and in the liberty which they allow to their women. Their feet are not cramped, nor are they confined to the house ; but they do not seem much improved by the indulgence which is shown them. There is no country in the world where female chastity is so little valued as in the neighbourhood of Turon ; husbands and fathers, even of considerable rank, openly bargain with strangers for the use of their wives and daugh-

ters. They have no pretensions to beauty, though the cheerfulness of their temper makes them appear to advantage, when compared with the dull and morose Chinese. It does not appear that they have adopted from the Chinese the inhuman practice of infanticide.

Though the bay of Turon was at one period the great mart for the commerce of Japan, there are now no towns or considerable villages in its neighbourhood; though there are said to be the vestiges of old walls and fortifications among the present groups of cottages. The country is extremely productive, and might be made still more so. It abounds with spices, sugar, rice, silk, cotton, and ivory; and, in particular, contains an inexhaustible store of teak, and other woods for ship-building.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

By a Lady.

COULD that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shows us that this is impossible; and experience informs us, that it ever was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily as we can.

When your present violence of passion, however, subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain; and it were graceless, amid the pleasure of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected that no object, however sublime, no sound, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight,

when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing, is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by these means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement: nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour, therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side. Let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement in wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and, if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or that she never

touches a card : cards and learning are good in their places, and may both be used with advantage.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you ; but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so : that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding, much sooner than one to her person, is well known ; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man ; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment if the end be not obtained ? There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect : and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends, by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate ; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other ; and not show his wife, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head ; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not, indeed, so expensive as is sometimes imagined ; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure we can enjoy ; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

A word or two on jealousy may

not be amiss ; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never tease her ; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion ; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her ; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious : be above delighting in her pain ; nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed to the public at large.

For the Literary Magazine.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO HIS SISTER, ON HER REMOVING FROM THE COUNTRY TO LIVE IN THE CITY.

THE tender anxiety with which an affectionate brother must naturally be affected by every thing that concerns, however remotely, the present or future felicity of an amiable sister, alone induces me at this time to intrude upon your hours of gaiety and cheerfulness, and will, I flatter myself, at least secure me a favourable reception. I confess, my dear girl, I am but ill qualified for the task I have undertaken ; but when I consider the change in your situation, and that upon the conduct which you may now adopt, and the sentiments you may now imbibe, your future character, consequence, and peace of mind, in a great measure may depend, my regard for your interest overcomes every other consideration, and prevails upon me

to throw together the following scattered thoughts, which may possibly be of some service to you in life.

My youth, and natural indulgence for your sex, will secure you from the rigid austerity of age; while the little experience I have had in the world, the observations upon mankind I have had an opportunity of making, and a certain turn of thought, which I would hope is not peculiar to myself, will prevent my adopting the maxims of the votaries of folly and dissipation, beyond what reason and virtue will justify.

You are now, my dear girl, arrived at a time of life, when the passions begin to unfold themselves, and the heart expands, and discloses all its tender sensibilities: educated in the bosom of rural retirement, far from the liberties of the town, your mind is unsullied as the chrystal stream; your soul the image of spotless purity; and your heart the seat of every virtuous, every delicate sentiment, void of art, and free from affectation; that sweet timidity, that charming delicacy, that enchanting bashfulness, that artless, blushing modesty, which shrink from the most distant approach of every thing rude and indecent, and which, forming the brightest ornaments of your sex, shine in their fullest lustre throughout every part of your conduct. Such, my lovely girl, you appear to the friendly but impartial eye of your brother: but will my charming sister always deserve this character? Young as you are, and possessed of so gentle a disposition, will you have resolution sufficient to associate with those who are called the polite and well-bred, the gay and fashionable ladies of the present day, without assuming their manners, and adopting their free and forward airs? without, like them, admitting the gentlemen among your acquaintance, to liberties, to familiarities, which, if they are not criminal, are at least inconsistent with that modesty and chastity of manners, which constitute the first female charm, and the want of which the most brilliant ac-

complishments cannot compensate? liberties, which will lessen the dignity of your character, and debase you in the eyes of those who are permitted to take them. Will not those indelicacies, which too many, who are called gentleman, are accustomed to use in the company of ladies, become familiar from their frequency, and less offensive by repetition, until what at first might shock and disgust, may at length appear even agreeable; and expressions, for which a man ought to be kicked out of company, be perhaps heard with a smile? Should this alteration ever take place in my own amiable and blushing sister, should *she* sink into the common herd of what are called the polite, the fashionable, and even virtuous females, what distress will it give a heart which throbs with anxious solicitude for your felicity! How shall I pity your weakness, and mourn over the ruins of your former self!

But should you, my lovely girl, by an intercourse with the world, acquire just that ease and presence of mind, which is necessary for your own satisfaction, and to prevent your being embarrassed (which is all you stand in need of, if you stand in need of any thing), without losing any thing of your present sensibility and delicacy; should you, while you feel yourself free and unconstrained in company, at the same time be able to maintain that modest reserve in the whole of your conduct, which, untinged by haughtiness or pride, flows spontaneously from a native dignity of mind, and purity of heart, you will then have arrived as near to the perfection of the female character, as this state will permit, and will be the delight and admiration of our sex.

If those fashionable ladies, who obtrude themselves on us on every occasion, who admit every freedom which we please to take, who, in public companies, suffer themselves to be clasped in our arms, seated on our knees, kissed, pressed, and toyed with in the most familiar manner, with whom our hands scarce need

restraint ; if they did but know how much they suffer in our opinion by such conduct, how cheap they render themselves, how they lessen our esteem, and how much we prefer your amiable diffidence, your blushing timidity, they would endeavour to be like you, if not from principle, at least from pride, and the desire of making conquests. Believe me, my dear sister, I am well acquainted with the sentiments of our sex, and can assure you, however desirous they may be, that their companions of an hour, or of a day, should indulge them in every possible freedom, they wish to find very different manners in those whom they would chuse for the companions of their lives. Besides, my dear girl, if once you suffer the rules of decency to be broken in upon by one, there is no drawing the line ; nor will you find it easy to prevent every person, who passes for a gentleman, to treat you in the same manner ; and be assured, there are many who are called gentlemen, who have nothing but the name.

How mortifying ought it to be to an amiable girl, to have liberties taken with her by an insolent brute, because he happens to be well-dressed, and has money in his pocket, who is honoured beyond his desert by being admitted into her company ! Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, among the most of us, if a young lady will admit every liberty that is not absolutely inconsistent with modesty, she will find it extremely difficult to prevent our taking still greater, and, at times, such as ought to be painful to any girl not lost to every sentiment of propriety.

Do you ask me how you shall prevent these liberties being taken with you ? I answer, by shunning, as much as possible, those large and mixed companies, where there are no persons present, whose age, or the gravity of whose character, may in some measure lay a restraint upon the rest ; and by uniformly and regularly checking every thing

of that nature in its first attempt. That young lady, who, when a gentleman is sitting by her, will remove the hand that is pressing her knee, or otherwise improperly employed, and does it in such a manner as shows her disapprobation, or when a gentleman rudely attempts to clasp her in his arms, and ravish a kiss from her lovely lips, will with spirit put him from her, and assure him she does not approve such freedoms, will soon prevent their repetition. And do not, my dear girl, fear to give offence by such conduct. If he is a man of sense, he will approve it, he will admire you for it : if he is a fool, his displeasure is not worth your notice.

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty, that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres, or expressions, which, though not absolutely shocking in themselves, naturally convey loose and immodest ideas, which in general are so plain and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning, and, admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence. Persons, who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in the company of every lady, and much more of one of *your* youth, beauty, and merit, ought to be avoided as you would avoid a pestilence : *this* can only affect your health, your life ; *that* affects the reputation, and is a canker-worm which preys upon and blasts the fairest, loveliest flower of virgin modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of appro-

to throw together the following scattered thoughts, which may possibly be of some service to you in life.

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If those fashionable ladies, who obtrude themselves on us on every occasion, who admit every freedom which we please to take, who, in public companies, suffer themselves to be clasped in our arms, seated on our knees, kissed, pressed, and toyed with in the most familiar manner, with whom our hands scarce need

restraint ; if they did but know how much they suffer in our opinion by such conduct, how cheap they render themselves, how they lessen our esteem, and how much we prefer your amiable diffidence, your blushing timidity, they would endeavour to be like you, if not from principle, at least from pride, and the desire of making conquests. Believe me, my dear sister, I am well acquainted with the sentiments of our sex, and can assure you, however desirous they may be, that their companions of an hour, or of a day, should indulge them in every possible freedom, they wish to find very different manners in those whom they would chuse for the companions of their lives. Besides, my dear girl, if once you suffer the rules of decency to be broken in upon by one, there is no drawing the line ; nor will you find it easy to prevent every person, who passes for a gentleman, to treat you in the same manner ; and be assured, there are many who are called gentlemen, who have nothing but the name.

How mortifying ought it to be to an amiable girl, to have liberties taken with her by an insolent brute, because he happens to be well-dressed, and has money in his pocket, who is honoured beyond his desert by being admitted into her company ! Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, among the most of us, if a young lady will admit every liberty that is not absolutely inconsistent with modesty, she will find it extremely difficult to prevent our taking still greater, and, at times, such as ought to be painful to any girl not lost to every sentiment of propriety.

Do you ask me how you shall prevent these liberties being taken with you ? I answer, by shunning, as much as possible, those large and mixed companies, where there are no persons present, whose age, or the gravity of whose character, may in some measure lay a restraint upon the rest ; and by uniformly and regularly checking every thing

of that nature in its first attempt. That young lady, who, when a gentleman is sitting by her, will remove the hand that is pressing her knee, or otherwise improperly employed, and does it in such a manner as shows her disapprobation, or when a gentleman rudely attempts to clasp her in his arms, and ravish a kiss from her lovely lips, will with spirit put him from her, and assure him she does not approve such freedoms, will soon prevent their repetition. And do not, my dear girl, fear to give offence by such conduct. If he is a man of sense, he will approve it, he will admire you for it : if he is a fool, his displeasure is not worth your notice.

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty, that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres, or expressions, which, though not absolutely shocking in themselves, naturally convey loose and immodest ideas, which in general are so plain and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning, and, admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence. Persons, who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in the company of every lady, and much more of one of *your* youth, beauty, and merit, ought to be avoided as you would avoid a pestilence : *this* can only affect your health, your life ; *that* affects the reputation, and is a canker-worm which preys upon and blasts the fairest, loveliest flower of virgin modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of appro-

bation, while the archness of their looks give sufficient notice that they perfectly comprehend the full extent of the meaning? Yet, my dear girl, doubt not but there was a time, when they too would have blushed at the first approaches of indelicacy: such is the terrible devastation made in the female breast, by habit, custom, and that vanity and rage for admiration, even the admiration of fools and brutes, which frequently at first prevent a young lady from showing her disapprobation of improper conduct, for fear of losing one from the wretched train of her admirers. And after having suffered the first breach of decency to pass unnoticed, it serves as a precedent to encourage a second, and makes it more difficult for her then to assume that propriety of conduct she ought at first to have adopted, and look out of countenance every thing rude and indelicate; until at length, by its frequency, it becomes familiar, and all her chaste sensibility being lost, it is no longer offensive to her polluted ear. Behold, my lovely girl, the blessed effects (too frequently) of a town education; and the expence at which those phantoms which are called politeness and good-breeding are often purchased! But are there no exceptions to this censure? Yes, my dear girl, I acknowledge with pleasure, that there are some bright examples, who, to all that real ease and elegance which the town would claim, though not very justly, as peculiar to itself, unite all the delicate reserve, blushing modesty, and sensibility of the country: in the number of these, you, my amiable sister, I am confident, will deserve a distinguished place.

All I ask of Heaven for you is, that you may never divest yourself of your present manners, but preserve them pure and untainted; then will you ever be admired, beloved, and esteemed. These are sentiments which few, my dear, will be honest enough to declare to you. Your own sex, conscious of the ascendancy over our hearts, which

the innocence and purity of your manners must give you, will be solicitous to laugh you out of them, as being awkward and unfashionable, the effects of a country education; and will endeavour to degrade you to a level with themselves. And the most of our sex, having nothing more in view, by their general intercourse with the ladies, than mere momentary pleasures, unmeaning gallantry, or the gratification of their vanity and self-importance, care nothing about them, beyond the present hour; and are well pleased to take every liberty with which they can be indulged, as they are thereby freed from the restraint they must otherwise observe, and are furnished with a subject to boast of among their associates. And here, my dearest girl, I cannot dismiss this subject without giving you one caution. Oh! never let it give that little breast one moment's pain, to see a greater crowd of triflers buzzing round one of those pert forward things! May female vanity never excite, in that gentle bosom, one transient wish to obtain their followers by imitating their conduct! Would my dear girl wish to have her lovely person all disfigured with sores, that she might be honoured with the attendance of a swarm of flies? Why, then, would you wish that your mind should be sullied, and your manners deformed, to draw round you a swarm of insects still more insignificant and contemptible?

But now let me proceed to a subject more agreeable and pleasing. Nature, my dear girl, has been indulgent to you in her gifts, and has lavished upon you external beauty with a bounteous hand: she has formed you with a person truly lovely. You are pretty; this will be told you by every dangler that may hang about you. But will they all be as honest as your brother, who, while he with pleasure acknowledges the justice of their praise, would wish you to act as though you alone were ignorant of your charms; and would be distress-

ed to see you become proud and vain, and assume a thousand ridiculous and affected airs, which, to every person of sentiment, are infinitely more disgusting than all the ravages of the small-pox? Though you are beautiful, think not your beauty alone sufficient to constitute your merit. Be, my dear girl, as assiduous to cultivate your understanding, to improve your mind, to acquire every truly female and elegant accomplishment, as you would be if you had not one single recommendation to our favour besides. Beauty of person may catch us at first; but the beauties of the mind can alone secure any conquest worth making. Sickness and disease may, in a moment, strip you of the bloom of the rose, and tarnish the whiteness of the lily! at least those charms must wither and decay when the winter of life approaches: the beauties of the mind will survive all the ruins of sickness and age, and endear beyond the grave. Beauty of person soon becomes familiar, and palls in possession: but virtue and sense will ever improve, and be ever still higher prized as they are better known.—I have now only to claim your indulgence for a moment upon the article of dress, although it is a subject scarcely of sufficient importance to take up much time or consideration. Neatness and elegance is what you ought principally to have in view; every thing beyond that must be left in a great measure to your own taste, and the fashions of the day, which, as long as they are not inconsistent with decency, ought in some measure to be regarded, but in such a manner that you may not appear whimsically in, or singularly out, of them; and that your imitating them may seem rather a sacrifice made to the opinion of others, than to proceed from any fondness or approbation for them of your own. There is a degree of ill-nature in that satire and ridicule on female fashions and dress, many are so fond to adopt, which I acknowledge I could never approve. 'Tis true,

if a girl devotes that time, which ought to be employed in more important concerns, to the care of her person; if she places her supreme merit in her clothes and ornaments; if she assumes to herself consequence and state, and looks down superciliously on such as do not equal her in those respects, she then becomes the just object of our ridicule and contempt, be her dress what it will.

But from this folly, I am confident, my lovely girl is secure: she will always have too just an opinion of her own merit, to think it depends on those external appendages which she puts on and off every day, at pleasure: she will always be sensible that she adds graces to her dress, instead of borrowing them from it: nor will she ever forget that "true loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most;" and if she imitates the reigning modes, it will be rather an act of condescension, and to avoid the imputation of singularity.

But while I would have you to give into such fashions as are innocent, and consistent with decency, I would conjure you, my dear girl, by all that solicitude I feel for your happiness, to spurn at every thing that is the contrary. Let who will imitate them, may you be nobly singular! When I see a young lady displaying, to every licentious eye, her snow white bosom and panting breasts, with stays cut down before, the better to expose them to view, or when, to show a fine ankle, the petticoat is shortened, until half the leg is exposed to our sight, I blush for her indelicacy, and am astonished at her folly.

Let me draw, my dear sister, the portrait I would have you to resemble. I would wish you possessed of that benevolent and undefiled religion, which descends from heaven and refines and purifies the human heart; free from the rage of bigotry, the gloom of superstition, and the extravagances of enthusiasm. I would wish you to be unaffectedly modest, without

prudery ; cheerful, easy, and sociable, without levity, pertness, and forwardness ; affable and frank, without ever forgetting that delicate reserve, absolutely necessary to support the dignity of your character, and to banish rudeness and licentiousness from your presence ; well acquainted with books, without a pedantic display of your knowledge ; sensible, without aiming at the character of a wit ; possessed of every grace and beauty of person, yet in no one action appearing conscious of your superiority ; adorned with every acquired accomplishment, without valuing yourself upon them ; and all these blended and intermingled with that softness, that gentleness, and that tenderness peculiar to our sex. A few finishing strokes is all you want to render you the perfect likeness of this so beautiful a picture. It is in your power to obtain them.

I have now, my dear girl, very imperfectly executed what I had in view, when I took up my pen. Receive it as the strongest proof of my esteem, of my friendship for you. I have thrown these thoughts upon paper, that you may have them remaining by you, and would willingly hope that sometimes, in the hour of leisure and retirement, you may think them worth a second reading. I have omitted a thousand things I wished to have said ; but have already made this letter too long.

Your affectionate brother,
C. F.

For the Literary Magazine.

VOLCANIC ISLANDS.

THE three islands of Tristan de Cunha, in the southern Atlantic, appear to be evidently of volcanic origin ; and the largest is probably the greatest mass that has unequivocally been elevated from the depths of the sea, by the agency of subterraneous fire. It is upwards of twelve miles in circuit ; the whole coast,

except in one small spot, is as perpendicular as a wall ; and rises, from the edge of the water, to the astonishing height of at least one thousand feet : from the top of this cliff, the land slopes gradually up to a high conical mountain in the centre of the island, the lofty crater of this creative volcano. If these appearances could leave any doubt as to the origin of Tristan de Cunha, the flames which still burn in the island of Amsterdam, bear undoubted testimony to its genealogy. This island, which, with its smaller companion of St. Paul, stands in the midst of the solitary ocean, at the distance of more than 2000 miles from any land, is about twelve miles in circumference, and surrounded, like that which we have just described, with a lofty wall of lava, bearing, in many places, the most evident marks of igneous fusion ; many of the fissures are filled with volcanic glass, and the whole shore is scattered over with pumice-stone and obsidian : zeolite has also been found in some of the clefts on the surface : but no specimen of this substance could be discovered imbedded in the solid lava. The only accessible part of the island, is where the sea has broken into a huge extinguished crater on the east side, which it has converted into an elliptical pool, of about 3000 feet in the largest diameter.

Every part of the island abounds with hot springs, from the temperature of boiling water, to that of 62° of Fahrenheit. The shore swarms with porpoises, whales, sharks, and cray-fish ; the rocks are darkened with immense flights of sea birds ; and the surface of the island itself is covered with a plentiful vegetation, chiefly of mosses, reeds, and a few grasses. There is no shrub, or frutescent plant, on the whole island ; though the neighbouring land of St. Paul is quite covered over with a thick copsewood : it is probably of a more ancient formation ; though its igneous origin is attested as clearly, by the

pumice and obsidian with which its shores are covered.

For the Literary Magazine.

NEAPOLITAN NOBLESSE.

THE following ludicrous instances of the ignorance of the Neapolitan nobles are recounted by a late traveller in Italy.

"A duchess whom I have seen, and who possesses one of the most splendid palaces in Naples, asked a friend of mine, who was lately a member of the house of commons, why we kept such late hours in England, and particularly why we dined when it was almost time to sup. Mr. ——— answered, that one principal cause of that custom arose from the sittings of parliament, which many gentlemen were obliged to attend. "Le parlement," interrupted the lady, for she could speak a few words of French; "que c'est que le parlement? est-ce une promenade, un corso? Je n'ai jamais entendu parler de cet endroit là."

The other anecdote is this. "During the late war, a Neapolitan *marquis* came into the box of a foreign minister at the theatre of San Carlos, and asked his excellency if he had heard the news which had just arrived. Being answered in the negative, he continued with a tone of importance,—"Sir, the English fleet have blockaded Mantua!" The ambassador smiled. "You don't believe me?" rejoined the Neapolitan: "my authority is indisputable: I received the intelligence from the king himself."

For the Literary Magazine.

LOPE DE VEGA.

THE following biographical sketch of that celebrated Spanish author is drawn up from a history of his life and writings, by lord Holland, lately published.

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Lope Felix de Vega Carpio was born at Madrid, in 1562, and, before he was twelve years of age, he had composed several dramas in four acts. At the age of thirteen, he seems to have been seized with that restless spirit of enterprize and adventure, by which his countrymen were then so remarkably distinguished, and made his escape from school, in order to indulge his desire of seeing the world. His ramble, however, was stopped at Astorga, by the interference of a magistrate, and he was sent back to his lessons under the charge of a constable. He afterwards studied philosophy at Alcala, and was received with great distinction by the duke of Alva, to whom he was presented at a very early age, and to whom he dedicated his *Arcadia*, the first work of any considerable magnitude which he gave to the world. After this he appears to have resided for some time in the family of that powerful patron, and only to have left him upon the event of his marriage. After this he continued to write verses with as much ease and celebrity as before; and having wounded a rival poet in a duel, he was under the necessity of leaving Madrid, and taking up his residence for some time at Valencia. In a few years he returned with increased reputation to his native city, and very soon after sustained a severe shock from the death of his wife. To dissipate the melancholy produced by this disaster, he embarked in the celebrated armada which was fitting out to invade England; and, besides his share in the general discomfiture of the expedition, had to witness the afflicting spectacle of the death of his only brother, who expired at sea in his arms. During this calamitous voyage, however, he has himself assured us, that he composed his epic poem of the *Hermosura de Angelica*, in which he has attempted to complete what Ariosto left unfinished. The poem, however, was not published till 1602, when it made its appearance along with

another epic, entitled the Dragon-tea, in which the crimes and the punishment of the English admiral, sir Francis Drake, are exhibited for the edification of all true catholics.

In 1590, he seems to have returned to Madrid, and soon after to have married again. Of the rapidity with which he wrote, some idea may be formed from the following anecdote.

In 1598, on the canonization of St. Isidore, a native of Madrid, he entered the list with several authors, and overpowered them all with the number, if not with the merit, of his performances. Prizes had been assigned for every style of poetry, but above one could not be obtained from the same person. Lope succeeded in the hymns; but his fertile muse, not content with producing a poem of ten cantos in short verse, as well as innumerable sonnets and romances, and two comedies on the subject, celebrated by an act of supererogation both the saint and the poetical competition of the day, in a volume of sprightly poems, under the feigned name of Thomé de Burguillos.

Soon after this, he had the misfortune to lose his second wife and his only son; and seems to have been so much overpowered with these severe afflictions, that, after having served an apprenticeship as secretary to the inquisition, he became a priest, and entered into the brotherhood of St. Francis. He was engaged, at this time, in a sort of critical and literary feud with Cervantes, Gongora, and several other writers of distinction; but maintained his own popularity, and the merit of the style he had adopted, by such a multitude of successful productions, as put all his adversaries to silence. He afterwards produced his *Jerusalem Conquistada*, as a sequel to the epic of Tasso, and continued, for several years, as lord Holland has expressed it, "seldom passing a year without giving an epic to the press, and scarcely a month, or even a week,

without producing some play upon the stage."

His reputation had now obtained a height, which, we believe, was never reached before by any living author.

He dedicated his *Corona Tragica*, a poem on the queen of Scots, to pope Urban VIII, who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion he received from that pontiff a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his fame through every catholic country. The cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew, in common conversation, to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame: the king enriched him with pensions and chaplaincies; the pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at court aspired to the character of his *Mæcenæ*, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. His annual income was not less than 1500 ducats, exclusive of the price of his plays, which Cervantes insinuates that he was never inclined to forego, and Montalvan estimates at 80,000. He received in presents from individuals as much as 10,500 more. His application of these

sums partook of the spirit of the nation from which he drew them. Improvident and indiscriminate charity ran away with these gains, immense as they were, and rendered his life unprofitable to his friends, and uncomfortable to himself.

It affords a striking and almost incredible instance of the immeasurable desires and extravagant ambition of poets, to learn that the person thus honoured and rewarded, thought fit to complain, in some of his latest publications, of the neglect, obscurity, and poverty, in which an ungrateful age had allowed him to languish !

In 1630 he published his *Laurel de Apolo*, in which no fewer than 300 Spanish poets are characterized and commemorated ; and continued to write plays, and receive applauses, till 1635, when his devotional habits degenerated into a hypochondriasm which bordered upon insanity ; and he is said to have died in the latter end of that year, in consequence of the extreme severity with which he had performed upon himself the discipline of flagellation.

Such are the few facts which the industry of lord Holland has been able to collect with regard to this phoenix of Spanish literature ; and whether or not they are sufficient to redeem the lives of celebrated authors from the heavy charge of being tranquil and undisturbed, it must be admitted, that they serve abundantly to show that such celebrity has no necessary connexion with respectability or happiness. This favourite of fortune, fame, and genius, was tormented all his days by a restless and discontented vanity ; was the slave of jealousy, bigotry, and envy, and died at last a victim to the most degrading and miserable superstition.

Lope was more of a prodigy than a poet ; and, though he has some merit on the score of dramatic invention, his works are chiefly remarkable for their incredible multitude, and for the astonishing facility and dispatch with which they

were written. In this respect, indeed, he must be allowed to outstrip all writers ancient and modern. The gentleman in Horace, who made two hundred lines standing on one foot, was nothing at all to the scribbling improvisatore of Madrid ; and the folio volumes of sir Richard Blackmore, and the duchess of Newcastle, shrink into perfect insignificance beside the mountain of his productions. He outweighs any ten German civilians or commentators ; and shoots far ahead, even of the longwinded Hindu, who spins out his immeasurable mythology into the mazes of the *Bagavat Geeta*. Lord Holland gives the following account of his fruitfulness :

“ As an author he is most known, as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed ; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts, in one of his last poems, that

“ No es minima parte, aunque es exceso,
De lo que está por imprimir, lo impreso.

“ The printed part, though far too large,
is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits
the press.

“ It is true that the Castilian language is copious ; that the verses are often extremely short ; and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet, were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day ; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest ; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but ab-

solutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

"As the credibility however of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention, yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us, in his Eclogue to Claudio, that, more than a hundred times, he composed a play, and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares, that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose; and, in confirmation of it, he relates the following story:

'His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdebieso was present, and was witness of the whole; but because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject, that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his

house that night; and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business; for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, "I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets, and have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me." Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language.'

"As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in representing it as prodigious. "At last appeared," says Cervantes, in his prologue, "that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed." Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales; and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would de-

cide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together."

Allowing every reasonable deduction for mistake and exaggeration, enough will still be left to render this a very interesting and extraordinary account. Such instances of intellectual agility are as curious, though probably as useless, as the wonderful accomplishments of the body; and a man who can write two thousand verses in a day, is as well worth crowding after, as one who can walk two hundred miles in the same period, or balance ten tobacco pipes on different parts of his body. The comparison will appear more tolerable, when it is considered what were the feats upon which Lope seems chiefly to have valued himself.

The most singular circumstance attending his verse, is the frequency and difficulty of the tasks which he imposes on himself. At every step we meet with *acrostics*, *echoes*, and compositions of that perverted but laborious kind, from attempting which another author would be deterred by the trouble of the undertaking, if not by the little real merit attending the achievement. They require no genius, but they exact much time; which one should think that such a voluminous poet could little afford to waste. But Lope made a parade of his power over the vocabulary; he was not contented with displaying the various order in which he could dispose the syllables and marshal the rhymes of his language, but he also prided himself upon the celerity with which he brought them to go through the most whimsical but the most difficult evolutions. He seems to have been partial to difficulties, for the gratification of surmounting them.

The merit of these hasty productions consists chiefly in smoothness of versification and purity of language, and in facility rather than strength of imagination. He has much to say on every subject, and

he expresses what he has to say in an easy style and flowing numbers; but he seldom interests the feelings, and never warms the imagination of the reader, though he often pleases by the facility and beauty of his language, and occasionally surprises by the exuberance and ingenuity of his illustrations. From this character of his writings, it will naturally be supposed that his epic poems are among the least brilliant of his compositions. Even the faculty of inventing an interesting story, for which, as a dramatic writer, he was so deservedly celebrated, seems to have forsaken him when he left the stage. His novels and epic poems are alike tedious and uninteresting.

The *Arcadia* is the best of his pastorals. They are not in general very accurate representations of the manners of shepherds, nor do they even afford many specimens of simple or natural poetry: but they all, especially the *Pastores de Belen*, contain translations, elegies, songs, and hymns, of considerable merit. In them are also to be found some of his most celebrated odes. Indeed, Spanish critics, and more especially Andres, who is far from being partial to his countrymen, seem to consider him as a great lyric poet. His light and burlesque poems, most of which he published under the feigned name of Thomé de Burguillos, are those most generally admired by his countrymen. Of these, the *Gatomachia*, a mock heroic poem, is esteemed the best, and often cited as a model of versification. They are all sprightly, and written with ease; but their length makes one occasionally lament a facility which rendered the termination of any work of Lope an act of grace to his readers, and not matter of necessity to him.

His epistles and didactic works are not much admired in Spain; but, though not exempt from the same defect, they seem to be replete with observation and good sense, conveyed in very pleasant language, and flowing versification.

It is chiefly as a dramatic writer, however, that Lope is remembered by his countrymen, and known by reputation to the scholars of other countries. Lord Holland considers him as one of the great founders of the modern drama ; and introduces his observations on his plays by the following excellent remarks on the comparative merits of the ancient and modern theatre :

“ There are many excellences to which all dramatic authors of every age must aspire ; and their success in these forms the just point of comparison : but, to censure a modern author for not following the plan of Sophocles, is as absurd as to object to a fresco that it is not painted in oil colours ; or, as Tiraboschi, in his parallel of Ariosto and Tasso, observes, to blame Livy for not writing a poem instead of a history. The Greek tragedians are probably superior to all moderns, if we except Racine, in the correctness of their taste, and their equals at least in the sublimity of their poetry, and in the just and spirited delineation of those events and passions which they represent. These, however, are the merits of the execution, rather than of the design ; the talents of the disciple, rather than the excellence of the school ; and prove the skill of the workman, not the perfection of the system. Without dwelling on the expulsion of the chorus (a most unnatural and inconvenient machine), the moderns, by admitting a complication of plot, have introduced a greater variety of incidents and characters. The province of invention is enlarged ; new passions, or at least new forms of the same passions, are brought within the scope of dramatic poetry. Fresh sources of interest are opened, and additional powers of imagination called into activity. Can we then deny what extends its jurisdiction, and enhances its interest, to be an improvement in an art, whose professed object is to stir the passions by the imitation of human actions ? In saying this, I do not mean to justify the breach of decorum, the neglect of proba-

bility, the anachronisms, and other extravagances of the founders of the modern theatre. Because the first disciples of the school were not models of perfection, it does not follow that the fundamental maxims were defective. The rudeness of their workmanship is no proof of the inferiority of the material ; nor does the want of skill deprive them of the merit of having discovered the mine. The faults objected to them form no necessary part of the system they introduced. Their followers in every country have either completely corrected, or gradually reformed, such abuses. Those who bow not implicitly to the authority of Aristotle, yet avoid such violent outrages as are common in our early plays ; and those who pique themselves on the strict observance of his laws, betray in the conduct, the sentiments, the characters, and the dialogue of their pieces (especially of their comedies) more resemblance to the modern than the ancient theatre : their code may be Grecian, but their manners in spite of themselves are Spanish, English, or French :—they may renounce their pedigree, and even change their dress, but they cannot divest their features of a certain family likeness to their poetical progenitors. The beginning of this race of poets, like the origin of nations, is somewhat obscure. It would be idle to examine where the first play upon such a model was written ; because many of the earliest dramas in every modern language are lost. But to whatever nation the invention is due, the prevalence of the modern system is in a great measure to be attributed to Spain, and perhaps more to Lope de Vega than to any other individual of that country.”

It must be admitted, that the incidents in the plays of this author are often in the highest degree unnatural and improbable ; that his tragedies are stuffed full of inconsistencies and absurdities ; and his comedies, of plots and intrigues, which serve no other purpose but

that of astonishing the spectator ; that he is destitute of pathos or natural expression ; and that the chief merit of his dramatic pieces consists in the multitude and rapidity of the incidents, and that unlimited power of invention by which the author was enabled to crowd into most of his tragedies as much plot as would serve for at least four plays on any other theatre.

Lope was contemporary with both Shakespeare and Fletcher. In the choice of their subjects, and in the conduct of their fables, a resemblance may often be found, which is no doubt to be attributed to the taste and opinions of the times, rather than to any knowledge of each other's writings. It is indeed in this point of view that the Spanish poet can be compared, with the greatest advantage to himself, to the great founder of our theatre. It is true that his imagery may occasionally remind the English reader of Shakespeare ; but his sentiments, especially in tragedy, are more like Dryden and his contemporaries than their predecessors. The feelings of Shakespeare's characters are the result of passions common to all men ; the extravagant sentiments of Lope's, as of Dryden's, heroes, are derived from an artificial state of society, from notions suggested by chivalry, and exaggerated by romance. In his delineation of character he is yet more unlike, and it is scarce necessary to add, greatly inferior ; but in the choice and conduct of his subjects, if he equals him in extravagance and improbability, he does not fall short of him in interest and variety. A rapid succession of events, and sudden changes in the situation of the personages, are the charms by which he interests us so forcibly in his plots.—Among the many I have read, I have not fallen on one which does not strongly fix the attention ; and though many of his plots have been transferred to the French and English stage, and rendered more correct and more probable, they have seldom or never

been improved in the great article of exciting curiosity and interest. This was the spell by which he enchanted the populace, to whose taste for wonders he is accused of having sacrificed so much solid reputation.

We should have wished to have heard a little more of the personage mentioned in the latter part of the following extract. The Gracioso of the Spanish stage is evidently the clown of the old English comedy, although admitted to perform a much more important and offensive part in the former, than was ever assigned to him, we believe, in the latter. In Spain, indeed, he seems to be a very coarse and clumsy substitute for the chorus ; and the admirers of that ancient invention may probably derive some argument in its favour, from the singular fact of its recurrence in a different form among those who boasted of a total emancipation from the shackles of classical antiquity. The encomium of Voltaire, by which the subject is introduced, has no very close connection with the merits of the Gracioso ; but we are tempted to insert it at full length, both on account of its truth, and the liberality by which it is dictated.

“ Till Voltaire appeared, there was no nation more ignorant of its neighbours' literature than the French. He first exposed, and then corrected, this neglect in his countrymen. There is no writer to whom the authors of other nations, especially of England, are so indebted for the extension of their fame in France, and, through France, in Europe. There is no critic who has employed more time, wit, ingenuity, and diligence, in promoting the literary intercourse between country and country, and in celebrating in one language the triumphs of another. Yet, by a strange fatality, he is constantly represented as the enemy of all literature but his own ; and Spaniards, Englishmen, and Italians, vie with each other in inveighing against his occasional exaggeration of faulty

passages; the authors of which, till he pointed out their beauties, were scarce known beyond the country in which their language was spoken. Those who feel such indignation at his misrepresentations and mistakes, would find it difficult to produce a critic in any modern language, who, in speaking of foreign literature, is better informed or more candid than Voltaire; and they certainly never would be able to discover one, who to those qualities unites so much sagacity and liveliness. His enemies would fain persuade us that such exuberance of wit implies a want of information; but they only succeed in showing, that a want of wit by no means implies an exuberance of information. If he indulges his propensity to ridicule, in exposing the absurdities of the Spanish stage, he makes ample amends, by acknowledging that it is full of sublime passages, and not deficient in interesting scenes. He allows the Spanish poets full credit for their originality, and acknowledges them to have been Corneille's masters, though much excelled by their disciple. He objects, indeed, to the buffoonery of many of their scenes; and the Gracioso might sure offend a critic who had less right to be fastidious than the author of Mahomet and of Zara. That preposterous personage not only interlards the most interesting scenes with the grossest buffooneries, but, assuming the amphibious character of spectator and actor, at one time interrupts, with his remarks, the performance, of which he forms an essential, but very defective part, in another. He seems, indeed, invented to save the conscience of the author, who, after any extravagant hyperbole, puts a censure or ridicule of it in the mouth of his buffoon, and thereby hopes to disarm the critic, or at least to record his own consciousness and disapprobation of the passage. This critical acumen is the only estimable quality of the Gracioso. His strictures on the conduct of the characters, the sentiments, expres-

sions, and even the metre, are generally just, though they would better become the pit than the stage. In other respects, he is uniformly a designing, cowardly, interested knave: but Lope found his account in the preservation of this character, and was happy to reconcile the public to an invention so convenient to the poet. As any topic could be introduced in this part, he was thus enabled to fill up whole scenes with any verses he might have by him ready composed. Nor was this all; at the conclusion of a complicated plot, when the author is unable to extricate himself from the embarrassments he has created, in any probable manner, the buffoon steps forward, cuts the Gordian knot, explains away the difficulty, discloses the secret, and decides upon the fate and marriages of all who are present. His oracles, like those of fools in some courts, are looked upon as inspired; and rivals, who had been contending during the whole play, acquiesce, without a murmur, in his decisions."

The most entertaining part of lord Holland's publication is, perhaps, that in which he presents us with a short historical sketch of the Spanish stage, illustrated by some very liberal and judicious speculations on the causes which brought about its decline, and may probably operate its revival.

One of the earliest and most constant obstacles with which it has had to contend, was the hostility and court intrigues of the ascetic and superstitious clergy. During the whole of his life, Lope had to sustain the attack of this powerful and indefatigable enemy, of whose zeal and perseverance some estimate may be formed from the following animated passage.

"In arraigning his writings, and railing at his character, they lost sight of truth as well as candour; they styled him the disgrace of the age and of the nation; the shame of his profession; and the author, as a reverend writer expresses it, of more mischiefs to the

world than thousands of devils. By such invectives, they endeavoured to ruin his fortunes, and harass his conscience. The temporary prohibition of his plays, which these censures extorted from the court, shows that they made considerable impression on the public; and the severity of the discipline which Lope afterwards inflicted upon himself, might gratify his uncharitable enemies with the reflection, that though they had failed in suppressing his works, they had imbibed his satisfaction at their success with strong feelings of remorse.

"Since this war between the pulpit and the stage first commenced, no permanent reconciliation has ever taken place; and though dramatic representations have generally kept their ground, their adversaries have obtained many temporary and local advantages over them, which have often impeded their progress, and sometimes have seemed to threaten their existence. Even during the reign of Charles the third, all the theatres were suppressed for several years. Some bishops, during the present reign, have forbidden plays in their diocese; and the inhabitants of Seville, in the late epidemical disorder, solemnly renounced, in a fit of devotion, the amusement of the theatre, as the surest method of appeasing divine vengeance. Since that act of self-denial, they have confined the gratification of their taste for public exhibitions, to the butchery of bulls, horses, and men, in the arena. These feasts are encouraged by the munificence, and often honoured by the presence of the king. But no monarch, since Philip the fourth, has ventured to sanction a public play by his presence. Some, indeed, have indulged their taste for operas within the walls of the palace; but the present king is said to be convinced of their evil tendency; and, if he has not exerted himself to the utmost of his power to deter others, has uniformly and scrupulously preserved himself from the contamination of a theatre. If

such scruples can exist, even in our times, it may readily be supposed that Philip the second was not proof against arguments so congenial to his gloomy habits and saturnine temper. He was accordingly staggered by the censures of Mariana and the clergy; but, luckily for the interests of poetry and the gaiety of Europe, he referred the question to the university of Salamanca, where, after much discussion, it was decided in favour of the stage."

The effect which this persecution was likely to have, in depressing or perverting the talents of those who might otherwise have distinguished themselves in this seducing department of literature, may be calculated from the extreme absurdity of those sacred dramas, to which the muse of Lope himself was occasionally restricted by the interference of those ghostly censors. The following may serve as a specimen of these performances.

In the *Animal Profeta*, St. Julian, after having plotted the murder of his wife, and actually accomplishing that of his father and mother, enters into a controversy with the devil, as to the possibility of being saved; and when Jesus Christ descends from heaven to effect a miracle for that purpose in his favour, the devil, with much logical precision, alleges such mercy to be a breach of the original contract between him and the Almighty. He insinuates, indeed, that if he cannot reckon upon a parricide, he may as well give over his business in souls, as there is no appearance of fair dealing in the trade.

The most formidable obstacle, however, which the dramatic genius of Spain had to encounter, was, not the bigotry of the priesthood, but the general debasement of the nation, and the influence of a Bourbon court.

The age of Calderon, the brilliancy of whose comedies, aided by the novelty and magnificence of expensive scenery, had somewhat outshone the lustre of Lope's exhibitions, was succeeded by a period of

darkness and disgrace, as fatal to the literary as to the political influence of Spain. By the time that the public had sufficiently recovered from the amazement which Calderon's works had produced, to compare them calmly with his predecessors, they had become too indifferent about all that concerned the stage, to be at the pains of estimating the beauties of any dramatic author. The splendour of Philip the fourth's court survived the defeat of his arms, and the loss of his provinces; but it died with that improvident and ostentatious monarch. Under the feeble sovereign who succeeded him, not only were the theatres shut, and the plays prohibited, but all ardour in literary pursuits, all genius for poetry, all taste for the arts and ornaments of life, seemed to waste away as rapidly as the resources and glory of the kingdom he misgoverned. In the mean while, France rose upon the ruins of her rival. The successors of Corneille refined and improved a language, which the increasing power of the state had made it convenient to surrounding nations to study, and to which the extensive intrigues and wars of Louis the fourteenth had given, as it were, an unusual currency in Europe. Fashion, which is often as peremptory in literature as in dress, enjoined the adoption of French rules of criticism; and an arbitrary standard of excellence was erected, without any regard to the different genius of languages, and the various usages and modes of thinking which distinguish one people from another. Hence, when, towards the middle of the last century, the love of letters seemed to revive in Spain, there arose a set of critics, men of considerable information and eloquence, who, in their anxiety to inculcate correct principles of composition into their countrymen, endeavoured to wean their affections from those national poets, by whom the public taste had, according to them, been originally

vitiated. The names of Vega, Calderon, Moreto, and others, which, in the general decline of literature, had in a great measure fallen into neglect and oblivion, were now only quoted to expose their faults, and to point out their inferiority to foreign models of excellence. The disapprobation of all dramatic performances, the occasional preference of Italian operas, and, above all, French modes of thinking on matters of taste, naturally prevalent at a Bourbon court, threw the old Spanish stage into disrepute; and an admiration of such authors passed with the wits for a perversion of judgment, and with the fashionable for a remnant of national prejudice and vulgarity. Many enlightened individuals, also, who were anxious to reform more important abuses than the mere extravagances of a theatre, encouraged this growing predilection for French literature. They might feel a very natural partiality for a language from which they had themselves derived so much instruction and delight, or they might studiously direct the attention of their countrymen to French poetry, from a conviction, that a familiarity with the works of Racine and Boileau would ultimately lead them to an acquaintance with those of Pascal and Montesquieu, and perhaps of Bayle and Voltaire.

The triumph of this party was ensured and extended by the injudicious conduct of the few who attempted to defend the old national drama against its incroachments. Partly by bestowing extravagant praises on some of its most faulty and extravagant productions, and partly by affecting to undervalue the indisputable excellence of the French models, they brought discredit upon the cause they professed to defend, and compelled the candid and judicious to take part against them. It required but little ingenuity to combat the opinions of those who maintained that the unprinted plays of Lope de Rueda were the models

of Corneille and Moliere; that the *Athalie* should have been confined to the walls of a convent; and that the *Tartuffe* was a miserable farce, without humour, character, or invention. It was by other means that the reputation of the old Spanish dramatists was ultimately redeemed, and the honours of Lope and his followers in some measure restored.

Insipid imitations of French dramas, and bald translations of modern pieces, in which the theatres of Madrid for some years abounded, have at length done more to restore the writers of Philip the fourth's age to their due estimation with the public, than the hazardous assertions of Nasarre, or the intemperate retorts of La Huerta.

The plays of Calderon, Moreto, and Roxas, are now frequently acted. Several of Lope de Vega have been successfully revived, with very slight, though not always judicious alterations. Authors of reputation are no longer ashamed of studying his style; and it is evident that those most celebrated for the severity of their judgment, have not disdained to profit by the perusal of his comedies. The most temperate critics, while they acknowledge his defects, pay a just tribute of admiration to the fertility of his invention, the happiness of his expressions, and the purity of his diction. All agree that his genius reflects honour on his country, though some may be disposed to question the beneficial influence of his works on the taste and literature of the nation. Indeed his careless and easy mode of writing made as many poets as poems. He so familiarized his countrymen with the mechanism of verse, he supplied them with such a store of common-place images and epithets, he coined such a variety of convenient expressions, that the very facility of versification seems to have prevented the effusions of genius, and the redundancy of the poetical phrases to have

superseded all originality of language.

It is a common remark in Italy, that in the same proportion as the effusions of *improvisatori* have acquired correctness and harmony, the excellence of written poems has declined; and that the writings of these voluminous Spaniards, which partook so much of the nature of extemporaneous productions, should resemble them also in enervating the language, seems a very probable conjecture. Perhaps it was in the efforts which genius made to deviate from so beaten a track, that it wandered into obscurity; and the easy but feeble volubility of Lope's school might induce Gongora and his disciples to hope that inspiration might be obtained by contortion.

But the effect of Lope's labours must not be considered by a reference to language alone. For the general interest of dramatic productions, for the variety and spirit of the dialogue, as well as for some particular plays, all modern theatres are indebted to him. Perfection in any art is only to be attained by successive improvement; and though the last polish often effaces the marks of the preceding workman, his skill was not less necessary to the accomplishment of the work, than the hand of his more celebrated successor. Had Lope never written, the masterpieces of Corneille and Moliere might never have been produced: and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe.

It seems but an act of justice to pay some honour to the memory of men whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their reputation. Such was Lope de Vega; once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who, in their literary, as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered regions, and opened mines, to benefit their neighbours

and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe, but their own.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. III.

IT has often been thought that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and, even in this case, the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend; and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit, without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being, rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it. Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely upon all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed; and she would wear the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. How can a sensible man expect that the poor vain trifler to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother?

When a man pays his court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become, in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves! A pretty method this of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem, for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness.

Advice is seldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good. It is seldom well received, because it implies a superiority of judgment in the giver, and it is seldom intended for any other end than to show it: it is seldom of any service to the giver, because it more frequently makes them an enemy than a friend; and as seldom to the receiver, because, if he is not wise enough to act properly without it, he will scarcely be wise enough to distinguish that which is good.

Brantome, a respectable French author, relates the following story, as a specimen of the gallantry of ancient times.

In the reign of Francis I, a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years; during which space it was thought, that, by some accident or other, he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was not known as such; love being conducted in those days in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted she would cure him instantly, and did it with a single word, *speak*.

What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon so exact an obedience, even for a single day? But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples almost incredible, of an attachment, carried even to adoration, which the knights, and other military heroes of those ages, constantly evinced for their mistresses, to whom, indeed, they were, in the literal sense of their amorous professions—the devoted *slaves*.

Morality of the Stage.

When it is considered at what pains the managers of the stage are to import the seducing dramas of Germany, as well as to get up the loose productions of the English muse: when it is further considered how studious the actors and actresses are to do justice, and even more than justice, to the luscious scenes of the piece; to give effect to the equivoques by an arch emphasis, and to the oaths by a dauntless intonation: when to all this is added, how many painted strumpets are stuck about the theatre; and how many challenges to prostitution are thrown out in every direction: it will, I think, be difficult to imagine places better adapted, than theatres at this moment are to teach the theory and practice of fashionable iniquity.

It is worthy of attention how much ingenuity is displayed in bringing about that moral temperament which is necessary for the meridian of fashion. The rake who is debauching innocence, squandering away property, and extending the influence of licentiousness to the utmost of his power, would (if fairly represented) excite spontaneous and universal abhorrence. But this would be extremely inconvenient; since raking, seduction, and prodigality, make half the business, and

almost all the reputation, of men of fashion. What then must be done? Some qualities of acknowledged excellence must be associated with these vicious propensities, in order to prevent them from occasioning unmingled disgust. We may, I presume, refer it to the same policy, that in dramas of the greatest popularity, the worthless libertine is represented as having to the bottom some of those properties which reflect most honour upon human nature; while, as if to throw the balance still more in favour of vice, the man of professed virtue is delineated as being, in the main, a sneaking and hypocritical villain. Lessons such as these are not likely to be lost upon the ingenuous feelings of a young girl. For, besides the fascinations of an elegant address and an artful manner, the whole conduct of the plot is an insidious appeal to the simplicity of her heart. She is taught to believe by these representations, that profligacy is the exuberance of a generous nature, and decorum the veil of a bad heart: so that having learnt, in the outset of her career, to associate frankness with vice, and duplicity with virtue, she will not be likely to separate these combinations during the remainder of her life.

It is a common saying, when speaking of a ruined profligate, who has fallen a victim to intemperance, that “he always *meant well*, he had a *good heart at the bottom*, and he was *nobody’s enemy but his own*.” And for whom is this apology offered, and this praise indirectly solicited? For the man, who, if he ever meant any thing, meant nothing more or better, than to gratify his lusts, pursue his vicious pleasures, drink his wine, shake dice, shuffle his cards; and thus waste his existence, and destroy his soul. Of such a man it is gravely affirmed, that, “*he always meant well*.”

And of whom is it said that he

had a good heart? Of the man who rarely manifested, through the whole of his life, any other symptoms than those which indicate a bad one. His mouth was full of cursing and bitterness; his humour was choleric and revengeful; his feet moved quick to shed blood; there was no conscience in his bosom, and no fear of God before his eyes; and yet, because he was occasionally charitable, and habitually convivial, no doubt is entertained but that—he had a good heart at the bottom.

Lastly, he is said to have been nobody's enemy but his own, who has wasted the earnings of an industrious ancestor, and bequeathed beggary and shame to his innocent descendants. The wretch has distressed his family by his prodigality, and corrupted thousands by his example; and yet, because he has been the dupe of his lusts, and fallen a martyr to his vices, he is pronounced to have been—nobody's enemy but his own.

Honour.

What pity it is, that a word of such sovereign use and virtue, should have so uncertain and various an application, that scarce two people mean the same thing by it! Do not some by honour mean good nature and humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How then! must we deny it to the great, the brave, the noble; to the sackers of towns, the plunderers of provinces, and the conquerors of kingdoms? Were not these men of honour? And yet they scorned those pitiful qualities I have mentioned. Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we then say, that no man who withholds from another what law, or justice, perhaps, calls his own, or who greatly and boldly deprives him of such property, is a man of honour? Heaven forbid I should say so! Is honour truth? No. It is not in the lie's going from us,

but in it's coming to us, our honour is injured. Doth it then consist in what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would be foolish to suppose so, since we see every day so many men of honour without any. In what then doth the word honour consist? Why, in itself alone. A man of honour is he that is called a man of honour; and while he is so called, he so remains, and no longer.

For the Literary Magazine.

CURIOUS AMUSEMENTS AT MALTA.

AMONG the many festivals observed by the Maltese in honour of their saints, none is celebrated with such gaiety as the anniversary of St. Paul on the 29th of June. Early on the morning of that day, all the inhabitants of Malta, who can possibly go, repair to Citta Vecchia, to offer homage to the saint, the patron and protector of their island; and visit the grotto in which he resided for three months after his shipwreck on their shore. The nobility and gentry ride in carriages, each of which carries four persons, and is drawn by a mule. There are between two and three hundred of these vehicles in Malta, clumsily built, but well calculated for the steep and uneven roads of the country. The peasantry, both men and women, either walk, or ride on mules or asses. The country lasses are dressed out in their gayest attire, which they conceal beneath a black silk petticoat from the waist downwards, and by a similar petticoat, with which they cover their head and upper part of the body, leaving only the face to be seen. This curious dress is not peculiar to the lower order alone: every description of women at Malta, who appear in public, are habited in the same manner; except on some very particular occasions, when the ladies adopt either the French or

English fashions. On this day the swains vie with the fair ones in the neatness of their apparel, which consists of a satin jacket, of whatever colour fancy dictates, ornamented with silver buttons, which hang pendulous by links; a white pair of trowsers, neatly fringed at the bottom; a cloth cap, of a conical form, which falls to either side of the head; fancy-coloured stockings; shoes calculated for dancing, the upper part of which are covered with large silver buckles, that reach from the instep to the toes. By six o'clock all the people are assembled in the old city, where a grand procession commences, composed of the bishop and the clergy, with all the insignia of the holy order. The procession being over, masses are read in the different chapels: but divine service is performed in a superior style at St. Paul's cathedral. The bishop, decorated in his robes, and crowned with the valuable mitre (which, by some chance, escaped the plundering grasp of the French), officiates, and preaches a sermon in the Italian language, adapted to the occasion. The music and singing is so enchanting, that it inspires every breast with devotion. After having offered up their prayers, and invoked their saint and patron to pour down his benign influence on them, the people proceed about eleven o'clock in crowds to a beautiful valley, which is situated in the centre of the island, and is called Boschetto, from the number of orange trees, fig trees, &c., with which it is shaded. Thither each peasant family previously sends an excellent dinner, made up of such delicacies as the country affords. On their arrival, each little party forms a circle under the shade of a fig or orange tree, where they feast on those luxuries which their honest industry allows them to indulge in once a year. Here the simple and innocent fair ones, divesting themselves of those sable coverings with which they were hitherto enveloped, display all their finery and charms. The fluctuating

fashions of the great have no influence on the mode of their dress, which has been handed down unaltered for many generations, from the mothers to their daughters. A very long waist, with a stomacher ornamented with embroidery and tinsel, is the most striking part of it. The hair is combed smoothly back from the forehead, which makes their countenances appear open and ingenuous.

While the people are regaling themselves, the avenues which intersect this delightful grove are crowded with the nobility and gentry, who go there on that day to enjoy the shady bowers of Boschetto, and witness the happiness that reigns on every countenance. The sound of music is now heard in different directions. Round each performer a crowd assembles, where four young men dance in active movements to the sprightly Maltese airs. The girls do not join in this amusement; they look on, and give frequent nods of approbation to their lovers. When one of the party becomes fatigued, he is relieved by another; and thus the dance is continued for hours: but the tunes are often varied. It is curious to observe how these sports contribute to expand the heart, and excite the liberality of those who partake of them. The spectator, as well as the dancer, in the enthusiasm of his pleasure, will frequently run up to the musician, and interrupt his performance, by slipping a small piece of money into his hand. While some amuse themselves by dancing, or by looking at the dancers, the attention of others is arrested by poetic swains, who, like those described in one of Virgil's eclogues, are singing the praises of their mistresses in alternate verses. Of the merit of the poetry, a person unacquainted with the language, can form no judgment. The music to which the verses are sung, is wild, original, and inharmonious. The manner of their performance is thus: two rustics, standing at a distance from

each other, place their hands behind their ears: one begins, and sings his verse, which is answered by the other: it becomes a contest for pre-eminence: he whose fund of verses is first exhausted, loses the victory: his competitor is then crowned with flowers and orange branches, amidst the acclamations of the enraptured multitude. The fashionable part of this assembly having passed an hour or two in contemplating this happy scene of rural festivity, returns to Citta Vecchia, where they spend the remainder of the day with the parties they have formed.

The curious observer, who sits on an impending rock, and views the prospect below, thinks he sees one of those charming fairy scenes, so elegantly painted in romances, realised. A Maltese female is so partial to the amusements at Boschetto, that, before she gives her hand to her lover, he must solemnly promise to take her thither every year on the return of this festival.

The day being nearly spent in this innocent manner, free from those acts of riot and drunkenness so common in other countries at public meetings, the people come back to the old city, where races of asses, mules, and horses, close the scene. This, by way of a farce, is the most laughable part: a road leading from the country to the city, forms the race course, which is lined with crowds of females. On a balcony, near the winning post, are placed staffs with silken colours flying: these are presented by the bishop to the victors, of which they make a dress for the ensuing anniversary. The ass race first begins: this animal is of an uncommon size, and peculiar beauty, at Malta. As many competitors may enter the lists as have asses: at a signal given, they start nearly a mile from the winning post; and when they arrive at about an hundred yards from the goal, the crowd on the road is so great, that they cannot advance a step further. The friends of each ass gather round him; some

pull him forward by the ears, others push him behind; some try to carry him to the winning post, while others of the opposite party endeavour to oppose his progress. At length some fortunate party, amidst opposition, shouting, bustle, and confusion, carries off the prize, to the no small amusement of every one present. The second ass gets a prize of an inferior quality. The mule and horse races are conducted after the same manner. Night by this time comes on a-pace, and every one returns home, well pleased with the amusements of the day, which affords a topic of conversation for a week after. A.

For the Literary Magazine.

ABSTRACT OF THE BANKRUPT
LAW OF THE CITY OF HAMBURG.

*By P. A. Nimnich, LL. D., of
Hamburg.*

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, when the trade of the city of Hamburg was very considerably increasing, it was found necessary to establish a new code of bankrupt laws, which should supersede those then in use, taken principally from the Roman law. In the year 1753, the law respecting bankrupts (*Faliten Ordnung*), now in force, was confirmed by the senate and citizens.

All change of the debtor's property is stopped from the moment the commission is opened. The management of the estate is entrusted to assignees, under the authority of two commissioners chosen from the body of the senate, and a sworn actuary takes minutes of their proceedings. The assignees collect and classify the property of the bankrupt, and make the dividends in proper time.

It is a point of the greatest importance to the creditors to ascertain the very moment when the diminution of the property of the debtor is beginning, in order to pre-

vent partial payments and fraudulent conveyances, to the injury of the creditors; or, in other words, it is of the utmost consequence that no delay takes place in opening the commission. With this view, the law has invested the creditor with certain rights for the purpose of forcing a debtor to a declaration of his insolvency, and to compel him to make a surrender of his property.

A person abroad, who had sent off goods, may, by virtue of the 25th article of the Hamburg bankrupt law, stop such goods *in transitu*, on hearing of the consignee's actual or apparent insolvency. He has only to send the second bills of lading to one of his correspondents, or give him written instructions to stop the goods, either of which will have the preference to the first bill of lading in the hands of the debtor. The captain or master of the vessel is obliged to deliver the goods according to such second bill of lading or written instructions; but the correspondent must take care that the debtor does not get the start of him. However averse the law may be to deem any individual insolvent, yet easy it is for a creditor to treat him as such. He can, by the means already mentioned, prevent the delivery of goods, not only in cases where the consignee may have refused to honour his draft, but even if he should only have heard of his insolvency. It is however of importance to observe, that this can only be done whilst the first bill of lading is still in the hands of the consignee; because in Hamburg a bill of lading, being considered as a representative of the goods themselves, may be alienated, or lodged as a security.

Any creditor has the power, where there are proofs of actual insolvency (or of acts of bankruptcy), to demand the immediate opening of a commission. However, in order that the public declaration of insolvency may not altogether depend upon the discretion of either the creditor or the magistrate, the

law has, in article 1, defined what shall be considered an act of bankruptcy (*Anzeige der insolventz*).

If, after sentence is passed in a court of justice for the payment of a debt, a person has no moveables or effects to discharge it; or if, in consequence of such default, the creditor obtains from the court an order of arrest (*Freizettel*) against him; or if, at the time a debt is sued for at law, the debtor should make conveyances, or conceal any of his effects; or if a person suffers a bill upon him to be protested for non-payment; or if he privately calls his creditors together for the purpose of compounding with them; each of these acts legally constitutes an act of bankruptcy. Any other circumstances, which may appear to be acts of bankruptcy, rest with the judge for his decision thereon.

It seldom happens that a debtor is called upon by his creditors to declare himself insolvent, as this is commonly done by himself in a petition to the senate, praying them to open a commission. Until this has been done, the debtor has, during the state of his actual insolvency, full power to do as he pleases, as well with his own property as with what he is entrusted with. He can prefer one creditor to another, make payments in part, or deliver goods in payment or as security. All this is legal in Hamburg, and cannot afterwards be claimed, unless the demand on the debtor was not a *bona fide* just one. Should this prove to have been the case, or that more has been paid than was actually due from the debtor, it then becomes a fraudulent transaction, and the effects fraudulently conveyed, or what was overpaid, may be recovered again by the whole body of the creditors.

That goods which have been deposited with the bankrupt are looked upon as his own property, and even may be placed as security in another's hands, arises from our common principle in trade, that goods found in the possession of any one are presumed to be his own. It

was, according to this principle, the duty of the third person to take care that he was placing his goods in the hands of an honest man, and if he has been deceived, he must suffer for his credulity. The principle of the Roman law, that a man may have his goods out of the hands of a third possessor, is inimical to the said established principle of trade.

On the second day after the formal declaration of insolvency, a meeting of the local creditors, as well the attorneys for those abroad, as far as they are known, bill-holders included, is called, in order to chuse assignees. Any creditor or attorney, although he did not receive a regular summons for that purpose, may attend the meeting, and enter his claims.

The assignees are chosen from the body of the creditors by a majority of votes. The right of having one or more votes depends upon the amount claimed, and no creditor has any vote whose debt is under the amount of one hundred marks. Only two assignees are commonly chosen; but should it be the wish of a considerable number of the creditors, three are nominated. This most generally happens when the two first chosen appear to be friends of the bankrupt. An assignee must be a citizen of Hamburg. Citizens of Hamburg holding powers for creditors abroad, are however eligible. A book-keeper being appointed by the assignees, both the one and the other are obliged to take an oath before the magistrate that they will faithfully discharge the duties of their office.

One of the first things the assignees are to do is to acquaint the bankrupt's correspondents abroad of their appointment under the commission, and more particularly to request those that have not yet appointed an attorney to do it without delay.

In order that the appointment of the commission may come to the knowledge of such creditors as might have been overlooked or omitted by

the bankrupt, an advertisement is inserted in the different newspapers by order of the magistrate; but as this advertisement or proclamation concerns only such as are yet unknown, none of the creditors already known to the assignees need repeat entering his claims.

The bankrupt having been sworn to the fair discovery or disclosure of all his effects, the assignees proceed to make an arrangement of his estate, separate from it what does not belong to it, and on the other hand collect in what appertains unto it, liquidate the different claims, divide the creditors into proper classes, and finally make a dividend of the produce of the estate in hand.

All goods left in commission to the debtor are separated as not belonging to the general mass, and claimed according to the 26th article of the Hamburg bankrupt law.

Any creditor residing in Hamburg, who has not above fourteen days before the commission is opened sold goods or effects, either on condition of immediate payment or upon credit, may claim and recover those goods. The creditor abroad, in lieu of possessing this right, has that which has already been mentioned of stopping the delivery of his goods, and of placing them in other hands. But if such goods are actually delivered to the bankrupt before the commission is opened, they cannot be claimed and separated from the general mass, although it should appear that they have not been paid for, and even when they are found still untouched in the bankrupt's possession. No goods, however, which arrive after the opening of the commission, and have not been paid for, can be converted to the benefit of the whole body of creditors; and in case such goods are not immediately claimed by some friend of the consigner, the assignees take care of them, and keep them at the disposal of the proprietor.

Those who have sold bills to the bankrupt not above eight days be-

fore his failure, may claim the bills, or value received for them, in case one or the other is found in the bankrupt's possession.

The wife claims her marriage portion within five years after the marriage, if it is proved her husband was already indebted at the time of marriage. If this cannot be proved, the wife has no claim.

Creditors of the following description are separated from the general mass, and pay themselves.

Those who hold a pawn may pay themselves in full from what is in their hands. To such as have claims only hypothecated or secured upon moveables, a larger rate of dividend is indeed allowed than to the common class of book-creditors, but they are not entitled to have their hypothecary security satisfied, either separate or in full.

This, however, takes place in cases of mortgages legally entered on the public register. The mortgagee enjoys the benefit of being separated from the body of creditors: the landed property mortgaged is put up to sale, and the mortgagee is paid the whole of his principal, and two years arrears of interest. If any surplus remains, it goes to the general mass.

Set-offs are admitted in cases either when the creditor has an account with the bankrupt, or when he is in possession of effects belonging to him, and on which he has not the right of pledge above-mentioned. In the first instance he has the *jus compensationis*, and in the latter the *jus retentionis*, which both he executes in the same full manner as if he were in possession of the right of pledge. This right to pay one's self from goods in hand is however liable to be abused; and frauds are but too often practised by persons who are indebted to the bankrupt's estate procuring an assignment of the claims of creditors who ought only to receive a dividend out of the general mass.

Besides the right which the assignees possess to collect all that belongs to the bankrupt's estate pre-

vious to his failure, they are likewise entitled to such property as he may incidentally acquire by legacies or succession. Nevertheless, if he has any children, he may for their benefit refuse to be an heir.

Legacies and other casual fortunes left to the wife of the bankrupt remain her own property, and cannot be touched by the assignees, if she has not been able to establish her right as before-mentioned of claiming her marriage-portion.

The relations of the bankrupt can exclude him from all succession, and make his children or next of kin their heirs. This is called *Exheredatio bona mente facta*.

The liquidation of the demands upon the bankrupt's estate is not confined to any fixed period: it must, however, be done as soon as possible. The liquidated claims are admitted without any further difficulty. Disputed claims are cleared, if possible, by composition, and require at most, a confirmation by oath. But if they cannot be settled in this way, then the creditor is either summoned by the assignees, in order to establish his demand, or he calls upon the assignees to acknowledge the same: whereupon the admissibility or inadmissibility of the claim is decided by a sentence of the court.

The general mass having been constituted, the assignees next proceed to the classification of the creditors.

From the first money coming into the common fund, privileged creditors are paid in full. Amongst these are included arrears of taxes not exceeding two years, servants' and journeymen's wages, all demands for freight and general average.

With respect to the remainder of the bankrupt's estate, the other creditors are arranged in three classes, and take their dividends in the proportion of two, three, and four. Creditors who have no pledges in hand, or to whom no landed property is mortgaged by registering it in the public books, but are only provided with a general hypothec, or have a tacit pawn allowed by the law,

are divided into two classes. The first class of these hypothecary creditors receives half as much as the second, and therefore in the proportion of two to three, as mentioned.

The third class, called book-creditors, receives one-half less than those of the second class.

The dividend which the general mass is able to pay is made known to the creditors in a meeting, at which two members of the senate preside. Here the assignees give an account of their proceedings, and here is the proper place where creditors may censure their behaviour, and call them to account.

In general, the assignees must conduct themselves in such manner, that in no case they act or do any thing which is not strictly according to law. They are rather obliged, in every dubious case of consequence, to consult the whole body of creditors, by calling them before the commissioners. This especially becomes of the utmost importance in cases where the assignees are about to compound debts due to the general mass. It would open a way to many abuses, if just claims might be given up, or partial favour shown to fraudulent debtors, without asking the advice of the creditors. At all such meetings, whatever is decided by a majority of votes becomes an absolute rule.

Besides the above, the assignees are obliged, according to law, to give every three months an account to the creditors of their proceedings relative to the general mass.

The assignees are finally obliged to give an account of the conduct of the bankrupt, and of the causes of his failure, which report is referred to the consideration of the senate, who decide what punishment he shall suffer, if any. The law divides bankrupts into three classes, the unfortunate, the inconsiderate, and the fraudulent. With one of these qualifications the name of the bankrupt is posted up at the Exchange for a fortnight, mentioning at the same time how much per cent. he has

paid. The careless bankrupt is sometimes punished with imprisonment, but the fraudulent always.

The assignees are freed from their responsibility by a decree of the senate; and, as a recompence for their trouble, they are allowed two per cent. on the dividends.

In Hamburg the creditors enjoy a particular right, called the right of after-claiming their former demands. It is not suffered that a bankrupt, who has been freed from his debts, should enjoy a larger income than is required for the decent support of himself and family, till he has paid his debts in full. The law, therefore, obliges the bankrupt who again acquires property to make an additional payment to his creditors. If the debtor does not remember this his duty, the creditors have a right to admonish him by summons before a magistrate, where they can not only put a limit to his superfluous expenditure, but also force him to the payment of a sum according to his circumstances, which sum is proportionably divided among the creditors. This demand cannot, however, be made upon the bankrupt until five years after his having received his certificate; and it then depends upon his own declaration on oath, whether, after maintaining himself and family, he has it in his power to make any payment to his creditors, and how much. Every five years the bankrupt may be again called upon to make this declaration. A bankrupt, however, whom the magistrate has declared unfortunate, or whose hypothecary creditors have received 80 per cent., and the book-creditors 40 per cent., is wholly free from such after-demands. The reason of this indulgence is, to encourage debtors, for the greater benefit of their creditors, not to delay their petition for a commission, whenever they find their affairs deranged and their property declining.

More particulars may be found in a very valuable work entitled *Erläuterung der Hamburgischen Falliten-Ordnung*, von Theodor

Hasche, LL. D. Hamburg, printed for Hoffman and Perthes, 1797, 1805, 3 vols. 8vo.

Total amount of the failures (petty ones not included), in Hamburg, from 1798 to 1804.

		<i>B. M.</i>
1798	about	4,645,454
1799	- - -	37,625,442
1800	- - -	3,839,000
1801	- - -	5,359,785
1802	- - -	6,463,600
1803	- - -	5,181,177
1804	- - -	5,248,996
1805	- - -	7,406,683

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MACHINERY OF THE ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

By the Rev. G. Walker, F. R. S.

THE mythology of the ancients, which was the popular belief of their day, and on which the machinery of their epic poem is founded, is supposed to derive to it its special advantage; as this advantage is not allowed to the modern, because with a change of the popular creed no sympathy can be extended to him in the use of such fabulous machinery. I mean therefore to show, that in its own nature, and with every allowance of belief, it is a miserable machinery; puerile; with no consistency and unity of character; beneath human nature; and, having no dignity in itself, incapable of conferring a dignity on the poem which uses it, and uses it as a principal substratum of the poem. But, since the time of the ancients, the question has assumed a new form from the ingenuity of some of the modern devotees to the ancient poetry; and in the celestial actors, of whom the epopœa and the drama of the ancients makes such important use, we are not to contemplate real personages, but allegorical representations, in which allegorical interpretation every thing debased and low is excluded, and, adopting this idea, we

are directed to contemplate a dignity in those actors, which as persons they are totally destitute of.

This allegorising of the heathen pantheon owed its origin to the impotent attempt of some pagan philosophers, of the later Platonic school, with a view to rescue paganism from the reproach of its rude and gross theology, which in its popular acceptance could not look christianity in the face. Christian philosophers have taken the lesson from them, and the fine-spun theory which the former invented from a zeal for the sinking cause of the heathen religion, the latter adopted from an equal zeal for the honour of heathen poetry. What in the name of religion the better sense of mankind turned from with disgust, it was feared that their better taste would be equally disgusted with in the representations of the poets of Greece and Rome. The gods, as gods of antiquity, might fall into contempt and oblivion, but the celestial machinery of the ancients must be preserved at any rate; and, as no solid base of support could be found, an airy and visionary base must suffice, and poetical taste must be taught to worship what moral taste loathed.

The divinities of Greece and Rome defy all moral, and their character of divinity operates directly to the subverting of all moral. Folly and wickedness in human agents may be exhibited by the poet, or historian, with the highest moral utility, and without detracting from the dignity of the work; but not so, where deity, and the only deity whom we know and acknowledge, is presented to our view. Weakness, caprice, passion, and crime in them dig up the very foundations of honour and virtue in the human mind. There is no alternative between this effect and pure atheism, or the abandonment of all religious principle whatever; and, perhaps, the latter is less to be dreaded. It is surely better, if no better faith can be found, that from a sense of dignity and virtue, which we cannot part with, we should revolt from religion, than ad-

here to a religion, which confers a sacredness on every baseness and vice. Yet such is the character, and such the influence of the whole pantheon of the ancients, the *dii majores* or *minores*, in all the exhibition of them. It is with all their follies and with all their crimes upon their heads, as received by the popular faith, that they are introduced in the poem, and as auxiliaries to the heroes of the poem.

The *Pater Hominumque Deumque*, the supreme Jove, makes his first appearance in the page of heathen mythology, as dethroning his father and marrying his sister, whom, according to some authors, he had previously debauched. But nor the united relation of sister and wife, nor the divinity, nor perpetuity of youth as the attribute of divinity, nor the majesty of person, nor the lustre of her large blue eyes, in which Juno surpassed all the beauties of the celestial court, could secure the matrimonial fidelity of this *Deus optimus maximus*. Ungoverned and wide-ranging lust is the first feature of his character, and his history is that of a libertine, who, by fraud, by corruption, by false appearances, or open violence, subjects every woman to his will, whose unfortunate beauty excited his desire. And too often, with all the apathy of a sated libertine, he leaves the hapless victims of his lust to be the farther victims of the relentless jealousy of his offended queen. On the story of Clitoris, whom he violates in the shape of an ant, Vossius very gravely remarks, that thereby the ancients meant to inculcate, "*Quod ingentia plerumque a minimis mala oriuntur.*" What does not the heathen mythology owe to the ingenuity of some christian moralists? The halter is not, indeed, a "*dignus divino vindice nodus,*" but, unprotected by supernatural power, this in our days would assuredly terminate the career of such a libertine on earth. There is, in a passage of Terence, a striking attestation to the pernicious influence, which the character of the supreme Jove must have upon

the moral mind. A young debauchee justifies his conduct by the plea of Jupiter's example. Terence wrote in the purer days of the Roman republic, and that in these days a Roman audience could bear such an appeal, in behalf of licentious amour, is a strong proof, that the reflection was not singular, but that it was familiar perhaps to every one, who received this immoral deity as the supreme object of his worship. With this character for licentious amour and unrestrained lust, Jupiter is acknowledged in the epic poem of the ancients. And such as the *Pater Deorum* is, such are all the subordinate gods, who act their parts in the epic scene.

Quisque Deus, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,
Venusque,
Pessima sunt exempla lubricinis irrequieta.

Equally immoral is the lesson, which the providential government of this unprincipled god must convey. Here no great and unchangeable laws of justice present themselves to our view, but all the fluctuations of capricious favouritism and prostituted power, without regard to the distinctions of right and wrong. A wife, a daughter, a son, a brother, or a mistress, wheedles by turns this repository of supreme power, and points his thunder against the objects of their partial resentment, though in opposition to the prior determinations of his own mind. Take a slight view of his conduct through the *Iliad* alone. Thetis, from the worst of motives, to gratify the pride and passion of her son, and avenge a private affront on his whole country, solicits the interposition of Jupiter to befriend the Trojan arms, and bring disgrace and defeat on the Grecian host. The easy god yields to her malicious request, and influences Agamemnon to lead forth his army to battle, as a designed sacrifice. By the temperate counsel of Hector, the bloody conflict is suspended, and Jupiter, as if forgetful of his promise to Thetis, is bullied by Juno to dis-

grace the cause of Troy, and awake the vengeance of the irritated Greeks. To effect this purpose, he gives the sanction of his godhead to an act of the most dishonourable treachery: he sends Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, on this base errand, to incite some Trojan chief, in the security of the truce, to aim a deadly arrow at the breast of Agamemnon. The war is rekindled in all its fury, and falls heavy on the Trojans, who, unprotected by Jupiter, are exposed to all the malice of Juno and Minerva. After great irresolution and inequality of conduct through several books of the *Iliad*, Jupiter seems to recollect his promise, and, by his direct and indirect interference, the tide of victory runs strong in favour of the Trojans, and the Grecian army and fleet are brought into the most imminent danger of destruction. From this desperate situation the Greeks are rescued by the arts of Juno. Knowing the weak side of her husband, and that the allurements of beauty are irresistible to him, she summons every charm to aid her person; by flattery and lies she obtains of Venus that cœstus, to which a thousand graces are attached, and thus attired she seduces Jupiter to the idle dalliances of love, and diverting his attention from the Trojan plains, other gods lend their succour to the Greeks, awake their courage, and the Trojans sink under their united attack. Jupiter, at length, recovering from the lethargy of lust and sleep, beholds the sad reverse, which his Trojans had experienced during this fatal interval, and indignant at the imposition which had been put upon him, he threatens the seductive author of it with all his vengeance. Here another trait of moral mind in this divine consort of the super-divine Jove presents itself. To her husband's accusation of her having instigated Neptune to take up arms in behalf of the dispirited Greeks, during his own amorous delirium, she swears to as great a falsehood as ever issued from the mouth of woman in her most pressing exi-

gence. She confirms the lie by the strongest adjurations, by the dread power of Jove, by Styx, and more than all, by that unbroken vow, her virgin bed, that at no instigation of her's had Neptune turned the current of war in favour of Greece. But such is her own obstinate malice against Troy, that having withdrawn from the presence of Jupiter, to whose will she had vowed submission, while alarmed for her own safety, she instantly endeavours to effect her purpose, by exciting the whole assembly of the gods to an open conspiracy and rebellion against the sovereign majesty of heaven, their lord and her lord. Such are the personages, whose favour and protection are to throw a lustre on the mortal heroes of the poem, and whose characters are to facilitate, and confer a dignity on the moral instruction of the poem.

It would, indeed, be tiresome and disgusting to bring forward into your presence any other of the celestial actors in the epic, in the view of moral; nor is it my intention to prosecute the disgusting detail. Such as Jupiter and Juno are, such are they all, with little if any variation of character. The amour of Venus with Mars in the very court of heaven, and the exposure of the adulterous pair to the assembled gods, are a charmingly moral picture, and such gods are wonderfully calculated to aid the sublime views of the epic poem. In whatever light we view them, this is the general picture of them, that they are capricious equally in their favour and their anger, profligate in their manners, wicked from principle as well as passion, interposing with their aid from no regard to justice or virtue, and, where their vengeance falls, oppressing their human victims as their pleasure leads them; and often for no reason, but that of tyrants and cowards, because their hand is uppermost. No instruction of worth and dignity can come from them, they corrupt, they co-operate with every evil passion, and familiarity with them is not favourable to good

impressions, even where a better faith is received and acknowledged.

But, perhaps, it may more interest you, if I shall show that they are as contemptible as they are immoral; that they constitute as puerile and feeble and uninteresting a machinery, as imagination could ever think of associating with human agency, in order to embellish and illustrate the imitations of real genius. For, if instruction be not promoted, but in truth counteracted by the machinery of the ancient epic, neither are our imaginations raised, nor our sublimer and more noble passions at all affected by the exhibition of such characters. In themselves, whether in their actions on earth or in heaven, whether as mixing with men or each other, they appear with no consistence of character, with no grandeur of mind or action, generally more the objects of contempt than reverence, more adapted to the satirical ridicule of Lucian, than to adorn and dignify the epic poem. How mean and low, how unsuited to the gravity of the heroic muse, are the feuds and quarrels and brawls of these gods and goddesses with each other! how below even the conduct of men, when committed to the influence of the same indignant and conflicting passions! How truly vulgar is the abusive tongue of Juno! How little superior to the impotent rage and gross language of a Billingsgate fish-woman! Nor less does Venus descend in her replies from the character of the queen of love and grace and smiles. If they be beings above the walk of men, they ought, even in their passions and vices, to be clothed with a dignity superior to human actors; but even human nature blushes for them. And are such exhibitions fitted to exalt the imagination, to stir one great and generous emotion of the soul? How pitiful is the blubbering of Mars, when, like a child whose finger a pin had scratched, he comes whimpering into the presence of his papa, Jupiter, and complains, that the man Diomed

had disgraced him in the field, and shed his divine ichor on the Phrygian plain. The limping gait of Vulcan, and his form of dress and manners adapted to his profession, or the scurrilous wit and jests of Momus, such as of a court fool in the palace of a feudal monarch, present a buffoonery, which would disgrace the banquet of men, but must sink the character of gods during their convivial intercourse into absolute contempt. Are such the images, which the epic muse can descend to? Can these excite one noble passion? 'Tis not the will of the implacable Juno, though next in rank to the sovereign of heaven, which can raise the bosom of the yielding ocean, and threaten the destruction of the hated Æneas and his fleet, but her majesty must supplicate the aid of a savage god in some wild region, who has the winds imprisoned in a cave, and she debauches him from his duty by the promise of a beautiful mistress. How ridiculous is the personification of these winds, who, from the volume of their lungs, can emit a power, sufficient to convulse all nature!—The Icelandic Edda would be disgraced by such a deification, nor is the idea of a Lapland witch imprisoning a storm in a leathern bag more contemptible. Cotton has done them no injustice in his ludicrous exhibition of their *modus operandi*. What a rabble of gods and goddesses is exhibited to our view among the *dii minores* of the heathen mythology! How low in their characters! How mean in their functions! Yet they all have a supposed being and ministration, and all occasionally have their parts assigned to them in the epopœa of the ancients. The satyrs of the woods, with their shaggy bodies, and their lustful propensities, the worthy attendants of the drunken Bacchus; the god Pan, with his half human, half beastly form; the ugly, pot-bellied, drunken Selenus, the fit preceptor of Bacchus; the versatile Proteus, with his cameleon transmutations, and followed by the

deified monsters of the deep; the sooty blacksmiths in the caverns of Mount Ætna; the infernal gods, not less horrid in their persons than in their minds, not ill prefigured by the three-headed porter of hell, whom a greasy sop can debauch from his duty, with a thousand more, constitute altogether a magnificent group; they form a glorious addition to the *dii majores*, whom we have contemplated; they furnish a splendid imagery to grace the sublimer poetry of the ancients.—There is, indeed, in the personification of the ideas of the mind, or of the rich scenery of nature, a real poetic beauty, which man delights in, which gives animation and power to language; and this is a propensity common to men; it is not peculiar to the heathen mythology; it has been the common vehicle of human description in all ages and nations. But these have no resemblance to the rabble, whom we have noticed; this rabble have a being and appropriate agency, and can with no dignity, with no beauty, be introduced into the higher walks of poetry.

If we look in vain, therefore, for grand and splendid imagery in the celestial machinery of the epic, what is there left of worth in it, if it aid none of the rich sympathies of the heart, which are the principal feast that it looks for in the various exhibitions of the poetic muse.

But it is a farther charge against the officious interposition of the heathen deities in the ancient epic, that it annihilates man, or sinks him into comparative insignificance, and thus destroys or chills that sympathy, which is the attractive charm of historic poetry.

The heroism of fellow-man, derived from the resources of human nature, is always an interesting object; but its impression is weakened, inasmuch as we refer it to the interposition of a supernatural agent, especially of such contemptible agents, as are the heathen deities, in whom we behold nothing but power, stimulated by no moral

or generous impulse, directed to no wise or good end. Our sympathy with the man is defeated, for the man is not in sight, he is to us no more than the vehicle; nor can we sympathise with the real agent, for he is removed beyond the field of human sympathy; nor do we behold in him that real dignity of character, which renders his interposition desirable or interesting. The disgraceful character of their gods casts a dark shade over every scene, in which they are introduced, and, if their power sometimes raises them above human kind, their caprices, partialities, and vices sink them much below the human level.

But it is to the reproach of the ancient epic poems, that the gods are generally introduced, where their agency is superfluous, and where human agency is fully sufficient. It is almost laughable to contemplate the queen of heaven and the queen of smiles, uniting their superior agency to do—what! to bring Æneas and Dido to bed together; which, if necessary to the plan of the poem, might well enough have been left to plain human nature. If the reconciliation of these two contending deities, so as to be consistent with the separate views of each, required the event; yet it must be confessed, that their divine wisdom adopted a rather vulgar method of accomplishing it. It might have been managed as an affair of ingenuous love; and, if deities must be summoned, Juno might have bestowed all her majesty on the hero, and Venus all her seductive graces on the Carthaginian queen. Thus the event would have been accomplished with more grace and dignity, the frailty of the fair one would have been more extenuated, and the gallantry of the Trojan better supported; while it would have afforded a rich field of elegant and affecting description to the poet. But I mention not this as the most objectionable introduction of heathen deities into the ancient epic. The passage, as it has issued from the pen of Virgil, is full of beauties.

More truly ridiculous and disgusting interferences of the celestial machinery abound.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

[It is the intention of the editor to give regularly a selection, from the best British periodical publications, of the reviews of all such new works, as may appear to be interesting to American readers. The following article contains a concise view of the question concerning the efficacy or inefficacy of the cow-pox, as a preventive against variolous infection. It is copied from the *Edinburgh Review*, a work of great and deserved celebrity.]

On Vaccine Inoculation. By Robert Willan, M. D., F. A. S. 4to. pp. 160. London, 1806.

Commentaries on the Lues Bovilla, or Cow-pox. By Benjamin Moseley, M. D., Author of a Treatise on Tropical Diseases, &c., and of a Treatise on Lues Bovilla, or Cow-pox, Physician to the Royal Military College at Chelsea, Member of the College of Physicians of London, &c., &c. Second Edition. 8vo, pp. 260. London, 1806.

A Reply to the Antivaccinists. By James Moore, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. 8vo, pp. 70. London, 1806.

Observations on the Pernicious Consequences of Cow-pox Inoculation, containing many well authenticated Cases, proving its insecurity against the Small-pox. By Robert Squirrel, M. D. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 74. London, 1806.

MEDICAL subjects ought in general, we think, to be left to the medical journals; but the question as to the efficacy of vaccination is of such incalculable importance, and of such universal interest, as to excuse a little breach of privilege. We let

our lawyers manage actions of debt and of trespass as they think proper, without our interference; but, when the case touches life or reputation, we insist upon being made parties to the consultation, and naturally endeavour at least to understand the grounds of the discussion. The question now before us is nothing less than, whether a discovery has actually been made, by which the lives of *forty thousand* persons may be annually saved in the British islands alone, and double that number protected from lengthened suffering, deformity, mutilation, and incurable infirmity. This is not a question, therefore, which is interesting only to the physiologist or the medical practitioner; it concerns nearly every community in the universe, and comes home to the condition of almost every individual of the human race; since it is difficult to conceive, that there should be one being who would not be affected by its decision, either in his own person, or in those of his nearest connexions. To the bulk of mankind, wars and revolutions are things of infinitely less importance; and even to those who busy themselves in the tumult of public affairs, it may be doubted whether any thing can occur that will command so powerful and permanent an interest, since there are few to whom fame or freedom can be so intimately and constantly precious, as personal safety and domestic affection.

Every body knows, that, ever since Dr. Jenner proposed the practice of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox, a controversy has been maintained as to the safety and efficacy of that new inoculation. This controversy has now lasted for upwards of eight years; in the course of which it has not only given birth to an infinite number of publications of all descriptions, but has been illustrated by a vast multitude of instances and experiments, from which both parties have attempted to draw conclusions in favour of their own opinions. Although the subject is not perhaps entirely ex-

hausted, and the zeal of the disputants assures us that it will not be prematurely abandoned, yet it appears to us, that there is evidence enough already produced to determine the opinion of all impartial judges; and, at all events, we think it right, that the import of that evidence should be fairly laid before the public, in a popular and concise form. It is among the first duties of those who conduct a work that has obtained an extensive circulation, to diffuse the knowledge of every thing that may be serviceable to mankind, and to consider the amusement of their readers, or the formation of their taste, as very subordinate objects to the communication of useful intelligence. We have, therefore, placed at the head of this article, the names of the most recent publications on both sides of the question; and propose, after giving a short view of the discovery itself, and of the evils to which it professed to be a remedy, to lay before our readers the result of the reasonings and investigations that have hitherto been made public with regard to it.

It is fortunately no longer necessary to cast a glance on the state of the original and natural small-pox, before any thing had been devised for the mitigation of the horrors with which it was attended. A pestilence it was, more desolating and destructive, than that which now engrosses the name; and, after repeatedly laying waste some of the fairest provinces of the old world, proceeded to depopulate extensive regions in the new. With all the advantages of our long experience, and improved medical skill, the natural small-pox is still fatal, in the most favourable situations in Great Britain, to more than one in every six who are infected*.

Inoculation was brought into use nearly one hundred years ago; and a most noble and blessed discovery

* See Dr. Sim's evidence before the committee of the house of commons, and the papers delivered in by him.

it certainly was, as it put it in the power of every one to diminish the hazard to which he was formerly subjected, in a most important degree. Of those who have the disorder naturally, we have already said, that one is found to die in six. Of inoculated patients, only one dies in 250. This at least is Dr. Willan's calculation; and we are persuaded that it is very near the truth. In London, where it ought to be best ascertained, some eminent practitioners have stated the proportion to be so high as 1 in 100. The zealous antivaccinists have denied it to be greater, under judicious treatment, than 1 in 1000. It cannot be denied, however, that, besides this risk to life, the disease, even under this mitigated form, has frequently proved an exciting cause to scrophula, and other dreadful distempers, and has often been attended with blindness and deformity.

In this situation, it was not perhaps to be wondered at, that many individuals hesitated to expose their children spontaneously to a risk of such magnitude, and flattered themselves that, by carefully secluding them from occasions of infection, the danger might be smaller on the whole than that which they would certainly encounter in inoculation. The consequence of these impressions, independent of many superstitious antipathies, was, inevitably, that inoculation could never be *universally* adopted; and the result, however extraordinary it may at first appear, has been clearly proved to have been *an increased mortality* upon the whole, in consequence of its partial adoption.

To explain this, it is only necessary to recollect, that the inoculated small-pox is an *infectious* disease, as well as the natural small-pox; and that those who take it naturally from an inoculated patient, uniformly have it as violently as if they had been infected from a case of spontaneous disease: it is to all intents and purposes the natural small-pox again in them. Now, if

it be considered that several hundred thousand persons have been annually inoculated in these kingdoms for the last fifty years, it will be easy to calculate the immense addition that must have been made in that period to the cases of actual disease, and the increase of natural small-pox that may be supposed to have arisen from this constant multiplication of the sources and centres of infection. From a calculation made by Dr. Heberden, without any view to this question, it appears, accordingly, that for the last thirty years of last century, there were ninety-five persons died of small-pox in London, out of every thousand reported in the bills of mortality; while the average number, before the introduction of inoculation, was only seventy in every thousand. Another calculation, made upon two periods of forty years, before and after inoculation was adopted, makes the proportion only as eighty-nine to seventy-two; but whichever of these we adopt, the increase of the total mortality must appear to be very formidable; more especially if it be considered that these calculations are made for the case of the metropolis, where the risk of infection, even before the use of inoculation, must at all times have been greater than in the less crowded districts of the country. In a general view, we may safely set down the additional mortality produced by the partial use of this admirable remedy, at little less than one-fourth of the whole. Inoculation, therefore, though in itself a most precious and beneficent invention, has not hitherto been of any essential benefit to the community. Though many individuals have profited by it, it has destroyed more lives, upon the whole, than it has preserved, and has aggravated the sufferings of those who have refused to employ it, in a greater degree, than it has relieved those who have availed themselves of its protection. What sort of an evil the small-pox still is, in spite of the vaunted palliative of inoculation,

may be judged of from the fact, that forty thousand persons are supposed to die of it every year in Great Britain, and that it actually kills one out of every ten who enter the bills of mortality.

In such a situation, it will be allowed that there was a sufficient motive to seek for some further improvement in our mode of managing this disease; and that it was natural to prosecute with enthusiasm every suggestion which held out a prospect of finally disarming this cruel depredator on the lives and happiness of the community. This is what Dr. Jenner professes to have done by the introduction of the cow-pox. The best and most authentic account of his discovery is to be found in the evidence delivered by him, when examined in 1802 before a committee of the house of commons. For the sake of such readers as may not have that publication at hand, we shall now give a short abstract of this simple and interesting narrative. The first part may be given in Dr. Jenner's own words.

"My inquiry into the nature of the cow-pox commenced upwards of twenty-five years ago. My attention to this singular disease was first excited by observing, that among those whom in the country I was frequently called upon to inoculate, many resisted every effort to give them the small-pox. These patients I found had undergone a disease they called the cow-pox, contracted by milking cows affected with a peculiar eruption on their teats. On inquiry, it appeared that it had been known among the dairies time immemorial, and that a vague opinion prevailed that it was a preventive of the small-pox. This opinion I found was, comparatively, new among them; for all the older farmers declared they had no such idea in their early days; a circumstance that seemed easily to be accounted for, from my knowing that the common people were very rarely inoculated for the small-pox, till that practice was rendered general by the improved method in-

roduced by the Suttons : so that the working people in the dairies were seldom put to the test of the preventive powers of the cow-pox."

Upon inquiry at the medical practitioners in the country, Dr. Jenner then tells us, he was at first mortified to find that they all agreed in holding, that cow-pox was not to be relied on as a certain preventive of small-pox ; and their report seemed to be confirmed by the actual occurrence of small-pox in several persons who were said to have had the cow-pox. Dr. Jenner, however, was not willing to abandon the pleasing prospect that had opened to him, and resolved to inquire into the matter more carefully than any one seemed previously to have thought of doing. The first discovery he made was, that the cow was subject to a variety of distinct eruptions upon her teats, all of which were capable of producing ulceration on the hands of the milkers, and passed in the dairies by the indiscriminate appellation of cow-pox. After a short course of observation, he was easily able to distinguish the true cow-pox from other accidental eruptions, and flattered himself that he had thus discovered the true cause of the apparent uncertainty of a preventive, the powers of which were universally admitted to a certain extent. His hopes, however, were damped a second time, when he found that some persons who had been infected from the genuine cow-pox, had, nevertheless, proved liable to variolous infection, and that one was sometimes effectually protected, when another, infected from the same sore, proved liable to after contagion. By diligent and continued observation, however, he was fortunately enabled to explain this anomaly also. He ascertained, by repeated experiments, that when the matter was taken from the ulcer or sore of the cow, after a certain stage of its progress, it produced a sore in the human body of a character altogether different from that which resulted from an earlier in-

fection, and that it was only the disorder communicated in the earlier stages of the case, and before the matter originally secreted had undergone any change or decomposition, that had the power of shielding the patient from the infection of small-pox.

Having brought his observations so far to maturity, it occurred to him to try the experiment of propagating the disease by inoculation, first from the animal, and afterwards from one human creature to another. In the year 1796, he accordingly inoculated a young man from the hand of a milker, who had the distinctive symptoms of the genuine cow-pox, and had the pleasure of finding, that, when inoculated for the small-pox, at the distance of some months, he completely resisted the contagion. The experiment was afterwards enlarged ; and, after inoculating some hundred children, and putting them, at different intervals, to the test of a subsequent inoculation for small-pox without effect, he ventured to communicate his discovery to the world, in a treatise published in 1798, which was followed up, the year after, by a still longer list of experiments and observations. In these works, Dr. Jenner suggested, that the disease itself probably was not original in the animal from which it took its name, and that several circumstances led him to believe that it originated from the distemper called the *grease* in the heels of horses, and was communicated to the cow by being milked by persons employed in dressing such horses. The cow-pox was uniformly unknown in those dairies where the milking was performed by women ; and in all the instances in which Dr. Jenner could trace its introduction, he found that the milkers had been recently before in the habit of handling horses affected with the grease. This conjecture, it is said, has since been verified by inoculating the cow from the grease directly, which produced the genuine form of the cow-pox.

The first public opposition that was made to this discovery, was in a publication of Dr. Moseley's, in 1798. In this work, which was entitled, a Dissertation on Sugar, the doctor ingeniously contrived to introduce a violent philippic against the new practice of vaccination, in which, as he had no experience or observation to found upon, he contents himself with pouring out an immense quantity of abuse, in a style of which we shall by and by indulge our readers with a specimen, and summing up his argument in the following alarming interrogations: "Can any person say what may be the consequence of introducing a *bestial* humour into the human frame after a long lapse of years? Who knows, besides, what *ideas* may rise, in the course of time, from a *brutal* fever having excited its incongruous impressions on the brain? Who knows, also, but that the human *character* may undergo strange mutations from *quadrupedan* sympathy, and that some modern *Pasiphae* may rival the fables of old?"

This delectable diatribe was republished three times, in different forms, before it attracted any general notice; but the enemies of the practice having been extremely active in spreading alarming reports as to its consequences among the lower people, the following advertisement was published in July, 1800.

"Many unfounded reports having been circulated, which have a tendency to prejudice the mind of the public against the inoculation of the cow-pox, we, the undersigned physicians and surgeons, think it our duty to declare our opinion, that *those persons who have had the cow-pox are perfectly secure from the infection of the small-pox.*—We also declare, that *the inoculated cow-pox is a much milder and safer disease than the inoculated small-pox.*"

This certificate was signed with the respectable names of Drs. Baillie, Lettsom, Garthshore, Willan, Lister, Vaughan, and Thornton; and by those of Messrs. Cline, Aber-

nethy, Ashley Cooper, Moore, and by five and twenty other physicians and surgeons of the first reputation in the metropolis. Some candid and interesting discussion, as to the symptoms and effects of the disease, took place about the same time, between Dr. Jenner and Drs. Woodville and Pearson, under whose superintendence the practice was prosecuted to a great extent. In 1801, Mr. Ring published one thousand and forty chaotic pages in defence of the new practice; and, in 1802, the subject was submitted to the consideration of a committee of the house of commons, who, after taking the evidence of Drs. Ash, sir W. Farquhar, Blane, Woodville, Baillie, Pearson, Heberden, and thirty-two other practitioners of the first eminence in London, gave a report decidedly favourable to the new system. Out of the forty persons examined upon this occasion, indeed, there were only three, viz. Dr. Moseley, Dr. Rowley, and Mr. Birch, who expressed any doubts of its efficacy; and at this time, it is remarkable, that neither of these gentlemen went beyond the expression of doubt; all the rest were decided and confident in their testimony; and Dr. Woodville stated, in particular, that, in the last six months, he had vaccinated, at the small-pox hospital, 7,500 patients, the half of whom had been since inoculated with the small-pox matter, without the smallest effect being produced in any one instance.

This ample and public testimony seemed for a while to set the question at rest; and, except in a few obscure pamphlets, and communications to the medical journals, little was heard in opposition to it, till 1804, when Mr. Goldson of Portsmouth published six cases of small-pox occurring after vaccination, accompanied with observations, calculated to shake the confidence which was now very generally placed in the security of the Jennerian inoculation. These were answered by Mr. Ring and others, who endeavoured to show that, in some of

his cases, Mr. Goldson's patients had not had the genuine cow-pox in the first instance, and that in others, they had not had the genuine small-pox thereafter. This part of the controversy was conducted with temper, and with a reasonable degree of candour. In the end of the same year, however, Dr. Moseley published his treatise on the cow-pox, in which the ravings of bedlam seemed to be blended with the tropes of Billingsgate. Dr. Rowley followed on the same side, and in the same temper, with 500 cases of "the beastly new diseases produced from cow-pox," and attracted customers, by two coloured engravings at the head of his work, of "the cow-poxed, ox-faced boy," and "the cow-poxed, mangy girl." The battle now became general. The reverend Rowland Hill thundered in defence of vaccination—Dr. Squirrel leaped from his cage upon the whole herd of vaccinators—Mr. Birch insisted upon stating his serious reasons for objecting to cow-pox—Drs. Thornton and Lettsom chanted pæans in its praise—Mr. Lipscomb strutted forward with a ponderous, wordy dissertation on its failure and mischiefs; and Messrs Ring, Merriman, and Blair, answered every body; and exasperated all their opponents, by their intemperance and personality. Charges of murder and falsehood were interchanged among the disputants, without the smallest ceremony; the medical journals foamed with the violence of their contention; it raged in hospitals and sick-chambers; and polluted, with its malignity, the sanctity of the pulpit, and the harmony of convivial philanthropy.

In the whole course of our censorial labours, we have never had occasion to contemplate a scene so disgusting and humiliating as is presented by the greater part of this controversy; nor do we believe that the virulence of political animosity or personal rivalry or revenge ever gave rise, among the lowest and most prostituted scribblers, to so

much coarseness, illiberality, violence, and absurdity, as was here exhibited by gentlemen of sense and education, discussing a point of professional science with a view to the good of mankind. At one time, indeed, we were so overpowered and confounded by the rude clamour and vehement contradictions of the combatants, that we were tempted to abandon the task we had undertaken, and leave it to some more athletic critic to collect the few facts and the little reasoning which could be discerned in this tempest of the medical world. We were encouraged, however, to proceed by the excellent pamphlet of Mr. Moore, of which we have prefixed the title to this article; and, after refreshing ourselves with the sober sense and accurate information of Dr. Willan, we at last found courage to go through Dr. Moseley's commentaries, and the exquisite observations of Dr. Squirrel.

Before entering into the particulars of the controversy which has been thus warmly maintained, or endeavouring to lead our readers to form any opinion from the evidence produced in the course of it, we think it proper to make one or two general remarks, on what may be called the external character of the debate, and on the circumstances which may impress us with a favourable or unfavourable opinion of the respective disputants, independent of the intrinsic weight of their proofs and reasonings. There are some cases which cannot be reached by argument or evidence, in which we must trust to the decision of authority; and there are others still more numerous, in which the preponderance of conflicting authorities must be determined by what we can learn of the character and motives of those who bring them forward.

Now, the first circumstance which seems calculated to make an indelible impression upon an ordinary mind, in a question of any difficulty, is where there is a decided majority of competent judges in favour of

one side of it. In any disputable point of law or medicine, most people would be pretty well satisfied with an opinion adhered to by nine-tenths of the profession; and, imputing the dissentient of a small minority to caprice or ignorance, would probably never think it worth while to make any further inquiry. Now, the bitterest enemies of vaccination will not deny, that more than nine-tenths of the medical world are decidedly and zealously in favour of it; and that all their demonstrations of its dangers and terrors have been insufficient to convert a single one of their brethren from so damnable and dangerous a heresy.

But testimonies, it may be said, should be weighed, and not numbered; and a few judicious voices should outweigh "a whole theatre" of others. Here, again, we are afraid the vaccinators will have a splendid and indisputable triumph. The only physicians, we think, that have publicly combated the doctrines of Dr. Jenner, are Drs. Moseley, Rowley, and Squirrel. Now, without intending the least disparagement to those three ingenious gentlemen, we certainly may be permitted to doubt, whether they stand quite so high in the public opinion as some of those to whom they have opposed themselves, or even whether an opinion signed by all three would have so much weight, with competent judges, as the single judgment of Baillie, Heberden, Willan, Farquhar, Pearson, or Vaughan. As for the authority due to Messrs. Birch, Rogers, and Lipscomb, we should humbly conceive that it might be fully balanced by that of Cline, Abernethy, Ashley Cooper, and Home. If the mere mention of these names were not sufficient to decide the question of authority, it would be easy for us to match each of the antivaccinists with at least ten London practitioners of higher name than himself, and of learning and opportunities as unquestionably superior. We confine the parallel to London,

to give the antivaccinists all the advantage in our power; for, in the country at large, we believe, they have not one respectable practitioner on their side in five hundred. In this great seat and school of medicine, we are assured, they are without a single public adherent. If the question is to be settled by authority, therefore,—by the number or the respectability of those who have taken part in it, the antivaccinists can have no pretension to be listened to. If a clear opinion be given by all the leading counsel at the bar, and a unanimous judgment be pronounced in conformity to it by the twelve judges of the land, what should we say of a few Old Bailey pleaders and jobbing attornies, who should appeal to the public in behalf of an opposite conclusion?

But eminent men may have interests and passions as well as other persons, and these may bias their judgments, or suborn their testimony; and it is right that a popular appeal should be allowed, to controul or expose those who might otherwise overbear every thing by their combination. This, no doubt, is a very important consideration; and it may help to explain some things that would otherwise appear very unaccountable in this controversy; though, we are afraid, not much to the advantage of the antivaccinists. It is a fact universally admitted, that the small-pox has, for a very long period, been the most lucrative of all diseases to the medical faculty in general, and that, whatever benefit the world at large might derive from its extirpation, the consequences, in a pecuniary point of view, would be extremely unfavourable to them. This has not escaped the sagacity of Dr. Willan, when, probably with a view to abate the rancour of the antivaccinists, he recommends that the inoculation and subsequent cure of the patient should always be left to a regular practitioner; and adds, "that indeed they deserve their reward, since, by adopting and encouraging

the new practice, they abandon what has for centuries been the most lucrative part of their profession." Of the light which this observation throws upon the management of the controversy, and of the influence which it ought to have with us in judging of the argument before us, we think it better to speak in Mr. Moore's words than in our own.

"It must be owned, indeed," he observes, "that, on this occasion, there was superadded to the general tendency of doctors to differ, a particular motive, which rarely fails of having that effect upon all mankind. Small-pox was the source of no inconsiderable portion of the income of every medical practitioner; insomuch, that neither physicians nor surgeons would abandon this disease to the management of the other. The physician claimed it as a contagious fever, and therefore a medical case; but as the surgeon was the inoculator, he did not chuse to relinquish the profits of the subsequent treatment. While each was eager for the whole, it was hardly to be expected that a plan to take it from both would be kindly received by either.

"Jenner's discovery was a touchstone, to detect what proportion of selfishness alloyed the human heart. It was calculated to make known, whether the scenes of misery, which medical men are compelled to witness, blunt their feelings. The result has certainly reflected distinguished honour on the faculty; for the plan to exterminate the small-pox, has been zealously adopted by the medical men of every part of the world which it has reached. There are, however, and I acknowledge it with reluctance, a few practitioners, who must be excluded from participating in the praise thus acquired by the majority."—p. 4, 5.

It appears, then, that the great multitude of learned and judicious men, who have given their sanction to this practice, have done so in direct opposition to their own pecuniary interest, to their known dislike

of rashness and innovation, and to that natural jealousy with which they must at first have regarded a discovery so simple and important, in the merit of which they could claim no share. The few who have opposed vaccination, have acted, it must be admitted, exactly as those principles, with which the others had to struggle, would have induced them to act; and, in estimating their comparative authority, it is impossible not to impute something to the operation of such powerful agents. We are unwilling to urge this consideration very far; but it cannot be forgotten, when prejudice and bias are spoken of, that the medical advocates for vaccination give their testimony in opposition to their own interest and vanity, and that its opponents give theirs in conformity to the dictates of those principles.

There is still one general observation to be made on the history and complexion of this debate, which we are afraid will go as far to discredit the arguments of the antivaccinists, as any which have now been suggested. Almost all those who now oppose the practice of vaccination, and insist upon the proofs of its failure and mischievous effects, opposed it with equal vehemence and confidence, before they pretended to hear of its failure or bad consequences at all. Dr. Moseley, of whose language on the subject, in 1798, the reader has already had a specimen, has himself stated that his opposition to it was founded at that time "on the basis of theory;" and, two years after he had three times reprinted that miserable specimen of scurrilous buffoonery, he informed the committee of the house of commons, that he did not himself know of any instance in which it had either failed to prevent small-pox, or been followed by constitutional diseases, although he had heard of some such things from persons, none of whom he could then recollect, or mention to the committee. Mr. Birch makes very nearly the same statement. Thus, we find Dr. Moseley, in 1798, as full of contempt and ab-

horrence for vaccination, as he is at this moment, though it is certain that at that time he had neither read nor seen any thing that was not decidedly in its favour. It must be allowed that this disposition to oppose, before there were any grounds for opposition, does not indicate a very liberal or impartial disposition in an observer ; and naturally disposes us to regard with some suspicion the evidence which he may afterwards bring forward in support of his preconceived antipathies. An avowed enemy is rejected as a witness in every court of law ; but if it appears that he is not only hostile, but necessarily ignorant, we may well ask what weight can be given to his testimony in opposition to that of impartial persons, who must have known much more of the circumstances. We are glad, upon this subject, to avail ourselves once more of Mr. Moore's excellent observations.

"If vaccination frequently fails, and occasions miserable consequences, these disappointments and disasters ought naturally to occur most frequently to those who have vaccinated the greatest numbers ; and repeated mortifications and reproaches would naturally excite so much vexation, as to induce them to abandon the practice. But, so far from this being the case, those who have vaccinated the most extensively, persist in recommending it with the same zeal as ever ; their infatuation continues, though in other respects they are men of distinguished good sense and good nature.

"Who then are those, who meet with the unlucky failures, and wretched effects of vaccination ? The very persons who opposed the practice before any failures could have existed ; and when every known fact was favourable. They decried vaccination, from its commencement, among all their acquaintances ; they never adopted it, and consequently have seen little of the practice ; yet it unaccountably

happens, that all the unsuccessful cases fall beneath their observation." p. 15, 16.

There is but one other criterion to which we wish to appeal, before entering with our readers upon the precise points that are at issue between these disputants. All the presumptions are against Dr. Moseley and his adherents. His opponents are confessedly many, and learned, and judicious ; and as he differs from their concurring opinion, the natural inference is, that he is not judicious and learned, and that he cannot be safely relied on as an accurate observer, a sagacious expounder, or a correct reporter of the phenomena. It is possible, however, that this inference may be erroneous ; Dr. Moseley and his friends may be persons of transcendent genius and exemplary candour. Reputation may be unmerited, and multitudes may be deceived. If the opposers of vaccination give indisputable proofs of superior talents and better temper than their adversaries, there will be a certain presumption in favour of their conclusions, from the admitted character of the men, independent of the reasons which they may urge in their support. On the other hand, if, from their writings, it be manifest that they are men of weak and uncultivated understanding ; that their passions are vehement, and their judgment infirm ; that they are ignorant or negligent of the first rules of reasoning, and incapable of stating their opinions in intelligible language, it probably will not appear too much to affirm, that they are entitled to little credit, in a controversy which confessedly requires much accuracy of discrimination, much nice observation, and patient and persevering research. It would not be fair to the reader to lay the statements of the parties before him without making him in some degree acquainted with their character. We shall venture, therefore, to present him with a few extracts from the most recent and most vaunted

compositions of the antivaccinists, that he may judge for himself what manner of men they are that have set themselves thus boldly against the opinion of their most celebrated brethren.

Of this sect, Dr. Moseley is the great champion, and perhaps the founder. Our readers may take the following specimen of this learned person's temper, modesty, and taste in composition.

"It is a lamentable reflection, that men of learning should have joined in this *diabolical conspiracy*. But much more lamentable is the reflection, that such men should persevere in it;—wish to remain in mental bondage; and be as eager in retaining this slavery of thought, as those illiterate and ignorant cow-pox pamphleteers are, who have so pestered the public.

"Driven from post to post, they still struggle for existence; and, with worm-like tenacity of life, they seem determined to expire in the last expedient.

"From this cow-pox medley of weak philosophers, and *strong fools*, the world will form some estimate of the state of physic in England.

"The medical tribe in London must be viewed in an extraordinary light by people of understanding, when they see what havoc Dr. Jenner and his cow have made in their intellects.

"Their wild rhapsodies, and devotions for these authors of their distraction, were never equalled without the walls of a pagan temple.

"One bewildered soul, starting in his phrenzy, vows, that 'the sweet influence of the Pleiades, and the bands of Orion,' are nothing but Jennerian pustules; then decorates Vaccina with moons and stars, worships the divine beast in Pythagorean relationship, sends her to the heavens as a constellation, and swears he will have a cow instead of a bull in the zodiac.

"Another *cut-throat*, *Smithfield scelerat*, drags Vaccina to the slaughter-house; and, in carnivorous hymns, sings the praises of her divi-

sibility on the shambles, in beef-steaks, rounds, and surloins, like a savage of New Zealand.

"But these ravers are not the men who alone have carried the cow-pox disastrous practice into its widely extended effect. Nor are these the only men, from whom the public will, in due time, expect retribution.

"The *culprits* who keep out of sight, and prompt the mischief, and have not honour enough to renounce, nor courage enough openly to defend their conduct, will not be forgotten." Moseley's pref. p. xiii, xiv.

It will be remembered, that Dr. Benjamin Moseley is here speaking of such men as Baillie, Farquhar, Heberden, Cline, Cooper, and Abernethy, and, in fact, of the whole practising physicians in London, with the exception of his facetious friend Dr. Squirrel. After this, it can excite no surprise to find him exclaiming, that "the evasions and base subterfuges which have been resorted to, to support this wicked project, equal in depravity the blackest page in the history of man." Of his pleasantry and reasoning powers, we meet with the following example at the second page of his commentary:

"The public can now discern the 'darkness visible' in which they have been enveloped. They can discover a cow-poxer from another man; and can determine that, though a cow-poxer may be a human being, it does not follow that he should be rational.

"Cow-poxers have gone a great way, to prove that man is not endowed with reason; and that, though he may be capable of performing, and sometimes addicted to, rational pursuits, yet the source thereof is not radical, nor always present in his composition.

"It appears by their philosophy, that the brain of man is not the proper bed of that numen in which reflection and forethought repose, and cogitate on the fitness and consequence of his actions.

"Reason, it seems, is only a mo-

mentary right way of thinking; which, in the absence of caprice, comes and passes away like a thief; or a shadow; or a lucid interval of sense in the head of a cow-poxer.

"Reason, they say, and say rightly, gives no pleasure to its possessor; and generally pain to others. Besides, they find it is destitute of the comfortable sodality of folly; that contagious felicity, in which one fool makes many.

"The public have admitted, since this new light has 'purged their visual ray,' that I had a *genuine*, and not a *spurious* paroxysm of reason, about the autumnal equinox of the year 1798: brought on by reading Dr. Jenner's first publication on the cow-pox.

"In this paroxysm, I denounced the people of England, *en masse*, for being cow-pox mad.

"Part of its effects are known; and part to be related;—which is the purport of this dissertation." p. 2, 3.

After narrating a nonsensical and despicable story of a patient vaccinated by the reverend Rowland Hill, who is said to have broken out afterwards into ulcers, which were followed by patches of hair, "some of it very like cows' hair!" he breaks out into the following rhapsody of low and miserable buffoonery, which we really believe is unequalled for dulness and vulgarity by any thing that ever issued from Grub-street.

"Rowland Hill may tell people there is no harm in a shaggy skin; and may say the heart of Aristomenes was hairy; and that he was not the worse for it. So the fact certainly was. But then he never had the cow-pox. Besides, the case is not similar in other respects. Aristomenes was an Athenian general; this poor child is not an Athenian general.

"Rowland Hill may also say, Esau was hairy all over, and that he was not the worse for it. Here again Rowland Hill will be wrong. For it is well known to people who read the Scriptures, that it was

from the circumstance of Esau's having an hairy skin, that his cunning mother was enabled to make his brother Jacob cheat him out of his father's blessing.

"Perhaps Rowland Hill thinks there is no blessing but his own worth a farthing. I think differently. Let him consider the loss of power and property which Esau sustained from his hairy skin, and ask himself if he should have liked it.

"This is not all the above child's misery. He has had a constant vaccine diarrhœa upon him ever since he had the cow-pox; and his food runs through him involuntarily."—p. 55, 56.

This is sufficiently commiserable; but if we would "sound the very base strings of humility," we must turn to the doctor's separate chapters addressed to the said reverend Rowland Hill; the first of which begins in this manner:

"Rowland,—I bought your pamphlet, entitled, '*Cow-Pock Inoculation Vindicated*;' dated the 25th of March, 1806.

"I paid a shilling for it. Rowland,—it is not dear. The same quantity of folly, falsehood, and impudence, could not have been bought for twice the money of any other cow-poxer, from the Ganges to the Mississippi." p. 189.

We are almost ashamed to pollute our page with the trash that follows; but Dr. Moseley is cried up by the antivaccinists as a man of infinite wit and genius; and it is our duty to make his pretensions public. After introducing a paltry piece of buffoonery in a supposed dialogue between Mr. Hill and a lady, the reverend vaccinator is made to conclude as follows.

"Rowland. 'And well you may. Madam, I tell you her very dung is a fine poultice for horses' feet, and greasy heels. Kings and princes eat it, by way of mustard; and Dr. Moseley knows it, if he were candid enough to confess it.'

"Rowland, I do confess it. You are very right. Truth sometimes

surprises me, but never offends me. I have seen many kings and princes eat voraciously of this cow-pox mustard. Try it, Rowland; and you will never eat Durham mustard again. I will give you the receipt for making it, from a work of the highest authority.

"Mind, Rowland.

'Take the finest part of the filth in the guts of the cow, and season it with salt and pepper. Mix the ingredients well together.'

"I know my credit has long stood very low with cow-poxers; but I hope this will raise it; and, as a further confirmation of your correctness, I refer scrupulous readers to the learned work itself; where they will not only find the above receipt, but the following interesting remarks on it.

"This mustard, made with cow-

dung, is reckoned a most curious sauce by the Æthiopians; mind, Rowland, by the Æthiopians; and they call it *manta*. But only princes, and very great persons, can attain this royal dish; because it requires much pepper, which all men have not.

"Mind, Rowland. It requires much pepper; an article, luckily for cow-poxers, not dear in England."—p. 198—200.

Poor Dr. Moseley! Yet this is the gentleman who complains (p. 182, 3) of "the rude expressions" of Dr. Thornton, and of those "violations of decorum which communicate so much asperity to discussion," and who thinks it necessary to tell Mr. Hill (p. 225) that his "language is licentious, gross, ungentleman-like, and highly reprehensible."

To be continued.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY DEAR PATERNAL HOME.

AH! why does yonder wood these throbs impart?

What means this wild, this palpitating sense,

As though the vital current of my heart,

Life's circling eddies, meant to ebb from thence?

Ah, blissful view! through yonder dark-brow'd glade

Appears once more the rural, lov'd abode

Of my ancestors, bosom'd in the shade
Of arching trees, by Nature's hand bestow'd.

Ah! was it strange my kindred heart beat high,

Then ceas'd as though life's little day was o'er?

Or strange a mist still hovers o'er my eye,

When friends are near I look'd to meet no more?

Soon I shall clasp her dear revered form

In close embrace, who gave my father birth;

My tears shall make her aged bosom warm,

Or, if deceas'd, bedew her sacred earth.

Hence, cruel thought! and spare, O spare my heart!

She lives to clasp me to her own again.

Ah why, my parent, were we torn apart?

My portion since has sorrow been and pain.

Though time has dimm'd thy eye of softest blue,

I soon shall see it brighten with a tear;

Each oft-trac'd feature I again shall view;

Ah! deep they're written on my bosom here.

On ev'ry side some object now appears
That Mem'ry has engrav'd upon my
mind:

No one so trivial but call'd forth my
tears,
When doom'd to leave them and
my heart behind.

There oft I've sat, amid the thick-
wov'd shade,
With dear Louisa from the world
retir'd:

Now Heaven has claim'd its own, the
beauteous maid
Has found the treasure she alone
desir'd.

The cedar still, the fir, and tow'ring
pine,
On Del'ware's laurel'd bank ma-
jestic grow;
And here my fav'rite, rural eglantine
Imparts its fragrance to the stream
below.

For here, as wont, the limped, murm'-
ring rill
Meanders through the turn-cap lily
vale,
Where once the deeper rose, pink,
daffodil
Did to the passing air their sweets
exhale.

For here, a child, I form'd a parterre
gay,
That rival'd far, methought, Arca-
dia's scenes,
Adorn'd with all the choicest sweets
of May,
With summer's fragrance, and with
winter's greens.

Ah me, how chang'd! then Fancy,
ever new,
Wrought flow'ry scenes that faded
with the hour;
But soon, too soon the airy nymph
withdrew,
Nor left a clue to trace her vivid
pow'r.

And on this poplar's bark was once
engrav'd,
By Henry's hand, th' initials of my
name;
But though the boughs the angry
winds have brav'd,
No token of those characters remain.

Time has eras'd them from the grow-
ing tree,

While he who form'd them mould-
ers in his grave,
Unmindful of his dearest friends and
me,
Forgetful of the precepts which he
gave.

Now hold, my heart, while I approach
again

The sacred ground where my an-
cestors sleep;
Where many a darling relative are
laid,
Where long the living must repair
to weep.

'Tis here, ah me! there where the
turf's so high,
My father's form lies mould'ring
into dust!
My infant brother too! O could I lie
Between them when I go, as go I
must.

Dear hallowed space! this scene I've
oft times sought,
While the long blade has glisten'd
with the dew;
While, with a heart with fond affec-
tion fraught,
I've oft return'd to bid one more
adieu.

Yes, oft times here, as faithful Mem'-
ry trac'd
Dear scenes of bliss, that past as
transient o'er,
While yet the presence of a parent
grac'd
His group of love, a group, alas,
no more.

Some one intrudes; some unknown
form appears:
Ah no, it is my second father,
friend;
Clasp'd to his heart, his bosom dries
my tears;
Once more at home, all my repin-
ings end.

SABINA.

West Jersey, June, 1794.